Landgartha.

A Tragie-Comedy, as it was preſented in the new Theater in *Dublin*, with good applauſe, being an Ancient ſtory.

Written by H. B.

HORAT.

Hunc ſocci cepere pedem, grandeſq; cothurni.

Printed at *Dublin* Anno 1641.

The persons of the Play.

Frollo King of *Sweland* and conqueror of *Norway*.
Hasmond and *Gotar*, two courtiers to *Frollo*.
Landgartha, a *Norwegian* Lady.
Scania, sister to *Laudgartha*.
Elsinora Aunt to both.
Fatyma, cousin to *Land.* & *Scan.*
Marfisa, an humorous gentlewoman, cousin to *Fatyma*.
Fredericke and *Wermond*, two noble men of *Norway*.
Reyner King of *Denmarke*.
Valdemar, neer cousin to *Reyner*.
Inguar, a *Danish* noble man.
Hubba, an humorous merry *Danish* Captaine.
Cowsell and *Radgee*, two foolish Coxcombes.
Rolfo, a Drawer.
Harrold, a competitor for *Denmarke*.
Eric, his brother.
Lothaire, a *German* noble man.
Vraca, daughter to *Frollo*.
Two posts, a Scout, & two Gentl, Phœbus, Pallas, Pryam, Hector.
Achylles, and *Satyres*, in a maske: which may be Acted by the forenam'd persons.

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THE EPISTLE Dedicatorie.

To all faire, indifferent faire, vertuous, that are not faire and magnanimous Ladies.

I Have here plac'd a patterne, yea, more then one (Ladies) for you to imitate. Chaſtity and other vertues joyn'd to beauty, vertue ſingle and manly fortitude in the female Sexe, doe here preſent themſelves unto you. What you cannot reach one way take another: & know that the form & faculties of the minde, doe farre excell in worth thoſe of the body. Yet, both joyn'd (as in *Landgartha*) is of all the moſt excellent: in regard that that externall beauty allures (nay commands) the minde of man (that affects viſible objects) to the love of vertue, which it ſelfe do's poſſeſſe, and ſuffers (as moſt coveted) greater combats in the reſiſting of vice. Bodily force too in a woman (were it but to defend it's owne Fort) is a perfection; though it cannot be expected but from a few of you, it will be ſufficient, that you never fall willingly, but in the way of ho-

nour. If I have not draw'n this faire viſage, as a chiefe Arts man: I hope yet (you will ſay) that I have made it indifferent handſome, and that my good will to effect it after the beſt faſhion for your ſakes: will notwithſtanding my weakneſſe, purchaſe an excuſe at leaſt for my boldneſſe, both in undertaking the worke and in offering of it (in part a poore braine borne Infant of mine, that covets to looke at the light) to be cheriſh'd by ſuch hands as yours, to kneele at the feete of your pietie. Whatſoever it be, or whoſoever got it: let it be yours, as is

The affectionate honourer

of your perfections

Henry Burnell.

Patri ſuo Chariſsimo operis Encomium.

MUltiplici ratione, ſator, mea carmina (quamvis
Non limata) tuis jungo; nempe ipſe petiſti,
Cui teneor parere libens; formoſa virago
Huc me veſtra movet, virtutis dotibus exors,
In fratre potius carnis qua compede ſolvi
Certa fuit, fudata foret quam crimine; cujus
Iactatis Pyrrhæ *decus immortale reſurgit*
Nobilitas geſtis; ad quod præcordia magna
Lætitia diffuſa mihi, quando auribus hauſi
Arrellis (genitor) te (per quem eſſentia, & à quo
Impetrata mihi, fruor & quibus, omnia) culte,
Conſulto, graviter, cum ſuavitate, venuſte,
Pragnantem cauſam peragiſſe. Sed indere amoris
Non probo delicias: quod te feciſſe ſequutum
Hiſtoria normam; bello, ſciteq́, jocantem
Latificando alios, non te, mens certa revolvit.

Aliud.

Melpomene tua tela (parens) contexta Thalia et,
judicio quamvis non trutinanda meo eſt:
At tua ſed certam ſolers facundia, verax
expertorum hominum & fama diurna facit,
Te nullis potuiſſe tuis errare, decorum
omnimodo Scævis, ſed tenuiſſe triplex;
Nempe modum retinendo (docent ut ſcripta ſagacis
Flacci) perſonæ, temporis, atq́, loci.
Ad te à Invernis flexit victoria vatem,
partibus his cedunt Brutiginæq́, tibi.
Fama quidem tendet, quacunq́, auratus Apollo
ſe tua: tu vives dum vehet amnis aquas.
Tu pater Aonio deducens vertice muſas,
gloria (non fallor) poſteritatis eris.
Terra tuas certum eſt exhauriet extera laudes;
clareſcet ſcriptis inſula noſtra tuis.

To his worthy to be much honoured Couſin

Henry Burnell *Eſq: on this his Tragie-Comedy, &c.*

THough my prayſe cannot adde ought here: Yet, give
Me leave (Couſin) to rayſe my ſelfe, and live
Paſt time with thee; for, what thou writ'it is fine,
Pleaſant, profound, chaſte, morall, and divine;
Beyond the childiſh flaſhes of this age,
Affected non-ſence, and *Canarian* rage;
Or *Garagantuan* foppery. Not one word
That 's immateriall do'ſt thou affoord,
Vaine, or ſuperfluous. Thy phraſe is good;
Nay, ſtrong, and elegant, though underſtood
Not by light-headed ignorance that do's admire
Strange language only. Wave, vote, flames, and fire,
Tempeſts and whirlewinds, *Scorpions*, and *Hags*,
Are ſtuffe that take ſuch, though indeed but rags,
Baſe rags that they patch on, and thou do'ſt ſcorne;
Or any dialect that is much worne,
Though by the beſt; thy words thou mak'ſt to fit
(Not contrary) th' Conceptions of thy wit,
And, though thou *England* never ſaw'ſt: Yet, this
(Let others boaſt of their owne faculties,
Or being Sonne to *Iohnſon*) I dare ſay,
That thou art farre more like to *Ben*, then they
That lay clayme as heires to him, wrongfully:
For he ſurvives now only, but in thee
And his owne lines; the reſt degenerate.
Nay, I can more affirme (and truly) that
In ſome things thou do'ſt paſſe him: being more ſweet,
More modeſt, mylde, leſſe tedious; Thy owne feet
Goe thou on ſtoutly then: if thou proceed,
Him (though 't be much) in all points thou 'lt exceed.

Io. Bermingham.

Ad nobilissimum ingeniosissimum, dissertissimumq; suum amicum Dominum *Henricum Burnellum* operis Elogium.

VEllera laturus signorum principis, anceps
Ausonides lecto milite cepit iter:
Mox longos tentare sinus, votoq; potiri,
Æolios cives, Ioniumq; domans.
Mascula, casta, decens, suavisq; (Henrice*) virago*
Sola tibi invicta pubis ad instar adest.
Ergo procellosa Niseidis, atq; Charibdis
Securus turbæ, carbasa pande Notis.
Pande palam cedro tua digna volumina, Meci,
Multorumq; prius pensa bilance virûm.
Pande nihil mancum: nil non laudabile: nil, quod
Sympathicum non est, symmetriaq; tenor.
Currum Phœbus equis sic; sic robusta Bootes
Septem concordi plaustro Trione regit.
Magnes gnarorum: in rabiem Marpesia cautes,
Quorum Cerberea toxica fauce fluunt.
Carmine sublimi morum icon, stilus honesti,
Calcar virtuti es, criminibusq; jugum.
Per g Minervali tutus munimine: fiet
Nobilior studijs gens tua clara tuis.
Munera, vive, tibi fulvo mage grata metallo,
Æquora dum biberint proxima signa polo,

Philippus Patricius

Prologue delivered by an Amazon *with a Battle-Axe in her hand.*

THe beſt of Engliſh Poets for the Stage
(Such was the envie, nicenesſe, and the rage
Of pettiſh weakelings, and detracting fooles,
That could prayſe no man; and, i' th' muddie pooles
Of their owne vices, were o'rwhelm'd) was faine
An armed Prologue to produce, on paine
Of being tongue-ſtrucke. There ore, marvell not
The preſent author (having not forgot
How in's firſt Play, he met with too much ſpite)
Sho'd ſend an armed *Amazon*, t' invite
(If it be poſſible) all minds to affect
What of himſelfe, he could not well expect
From his detractors: Or, to let thoſe know,
He cares not each of them prove ſtill a foe.
Yet, this his ſecond (as that firſt) he made
To pleaſe you, not for Money; to invade
Your wills for your owne profit. For, if his minde
He had ſought by it to content, you 'd finde
Another method in't; and not a word
Of any mirth or love, wo'd he afford
To make you laugh or languiſh. All, rich ſtuffe
(Though not ſo pleaſing) he'd expoſe, to cuffe
(And generally too) the monſter vice;
Which he performes but gently, in this piece.
Yet, it's beleev'd 't will pleaſe the moſt and beſt,
In all the paſſages; and for the reſt,
Let 'em (if they will needs) in puddles ſwim:
For, he ſleights them more, then they can wrong him.

Land.

Landgartha.

The first Act.

Enter Fredericke and Wermond.

Fred.

IT's a noble, noble act!

Wer. And cannot
But vex the bloudy usurper, let him put
Ever so good a face on't, though they were
But women only, that conspire against him.

Fred. It stirs him not: for since his conquest made
On us, and murdring of our lawfull Prince,
Things have succeeded so to all his wishes,
That he's grown careless: nay blindly besotted
By security, and selfe-perswasion,
Lock'd by the tempest of his lust; so as
He feares no force of man; much lesse weake women,
As he is pleasd to tearme 'em; he minds nothing
But whom to kill, or foulely ravish: and
The conversation of his Bawds, and Spintries.

Wer. Is't possible, he shou'd be so secure,
And passe away in such a dying slumber?

Fred. He thinkes the gods doe slumber too, or winke

At what he do's, or rather ſnore ſupinely;
Or that there are no gods, and what's ſpoke of 'em
Is but a meere fooliſh fable; He 'll beleeve
No mans intelligence, not his owne ſpyes,
That this fleet of Denmarke, now lanch'd forth, ſho'd move
Againſt him hither.

Wer. It's not all the power,
He for the preſent can command that will
Reſiſt it, if it doe; joyn'd to the valiant
Landgartha, with her faire ſock'd troope of Ladies: *Muſicke of*
But, let's be ſilent; here the wretch himſelfe comes. *Recorders.*

Enter Frollo leading a weeping Lady, Haſmond and Gotar.

Fr. Come my pretty ſweet-heart, dry up thoſe pleaſing
Eyes; this liquor's too precious to be ſpilt
In ſuch a cauſe, for a loſt Maydenhead,
And to a King that will become thy ſlave for't,
And for more of that ſport: who to pleaſe thee
In that, and whatſoever elſe thou canſt conceive,
To rayſe content to thee, and varri'd to thought,
Will ranſacke Kingdomes.

Lady, Leave me yet blacke Devill, *Breakes*
Thy words ſound farre worſe than the voyce of Hell. *from him*

Fr. Some kicke the Spyder out at the Court gates;
An angry ſcratching Cat. We wo'd not be *Exeunt Fred. and*
So vex'd another night with ſuch a foole. *Wer. with the Lady.*

Got. She'll ſoone repent Sir, and turne backe, to offer
Her dainty body to your mylder uſage.

Haſm. I rather thinke, ſhe 'll to the mad *Langartha*;
And there make one among her furious troope
Of Furies, that will yet endure no horſing,
Though they manage bravely.

Fr. There's a Wench indeed;
What lucke had I, never to lay my hands
On her? They ſay ſhe's very faire and handſome.

Haſm. The clappers of mens tongues proclayme that; and

Speake ſtrange things of her,
Fr. We ſhall finde'em (the beſt
Is of it) altogether, to make a royall
Choyce. We meane to ſingle forty at leaſt,
Of the moſt buxome (of which ſhe ſhall be
Chiefe generall, as now ſhe is) for our
Owne private pallat.
Haſm. I may hope (Sir) you'll grant
Me halfe the number, with her wiſe and modeſt
Aunt *Elſinora*, to precede: Or her fine
Valorous ſiſter *Scania*, for I muſt
Imitate your manly vertue, Sir, as neere
As I can.
Fr. Marke we'l what I ſay now: for thy
Good ſervice as my honeſt ſmocke Atturney
(Though ſometime, yet thou did'ſt begin to us, thou'lt ſay
For feare they'd beene diſeas'd:) thou ſhalt not have
One woman (wert thou e'er ſo willing) more
Or leſſe than thirty.
Haſm. O Prodigious! *Iceringly.*
I doe beſeech you, Sir, to heare me ſpeake,
Like ſo many Baſilisks (with angry ſhots
From their ſharpe venom'd eyes) they'd ſtrike me dead:
Or (as the Porcupyne) ſend fether'd arrowes
At me, for my ſlackneſſe.
Fr. You muſt have thirty,
Or none.
Haſm. Nay, If I muſt, I ſhall: and that's
As bad.
Got. You will not (Sir) be altogether *Solemnely.*
Unmindefull of my good endeavours.
Fr. By no meanes, good Sir, thou ſhalt poſſeſſe for thy
Share, twenty five; with the pretty ſmugge *Fatyma*,
To leade'em.
Gotar. I humbly thanke your grace, though I
Sho'd not covet ſo many deſperate femals:
Yet, with the aſſiſtance of my kindeſt friends,
I ſhall be ſtrongly back'd. *Enter Wermond.*

Wermond. May it pleaſe you, Sir,
Here are arriv'd two poſts at once, all full
Of ſweat and durt; and bring bad newes, it's fear'd.
Fr. Curſe on thy feares, Goe, ſend 'em hither to us; *Exit.*
It's but theſe women that affright fooles thus. *Enter firſt poſt.*
What newes? be briefe.
Gotar. He's full of durt, indeed!
1. *Poſt.* *Landgartha* with a mighty troope of women,
Gatherd to her from all the parts of *Norway*,
Make havocke of your ſouldiers, ſir; and killing
All the Swedes they light vpon, they likewiſe threaten,
They will grant you (ere long) no better quarter.
Fr. My Sweds and I will make ſome, here in *Norway*,
Pay dearely for that vant. Come, doe thou croake too *Enter*
The worſt tale thou canſt. *2. poſt.*
2. *Poſt.* You had neede, Sir, make quicke
Reſiſtance, or ſhift for your ſelfe: for, the King
Of *Denmarke*, with a mighty fleete, has now
Put in at *Maſtrand*; and begins to land
His forces, to joyne with *Landgartha's*: who
With maine ſpeede, marches to meete him thither.
Fr. Which he ſhall ſoone repent, and ſo ſhall that
Male-harted Traytreſſe, withall the curll'd knot
Of rebels that attend her; We are not
So unprovided, as they doe ſuppoſe yet,
Fly therefore *Haſmond*, gather thou our troopes
Within and neere the Citie. *Gotar*, thou
Haſte to the quarters further of; and with
All poſſible ſpeed draw unto us. Away
When need compels, men muſt uſe no delay. *Exeunt omnes.*

A march, then enter Landgartha, Scania, Elſinora, Fatyma, and one or two Ladies more, all attyr'd like Amazons, with Battle-axes in their hands, and Swords on.

Land. We now (ſweet Ladies and deare ſiſters) march not
Againſt th'intemperate *Frollo*: but aſcend
The milkie way, that leads to immortall fame,

Not

Not to be rank'd among the ſtarre-made harlots:
But ſtated in the high'ſt Empyreall heaven,
To ſide the gods, where *Pallas* and chaſt *Phœbe*
(Arm'd chiefely with the weapons of their vertues)
Keepe all the Maſculin deities in awe.
This our deſigne may well exalt us thither,
As their good deeds did them: that in defence
Of that all ſho'd hold deareſt, our honours, Ladies,
Doe now expoſe our ſelves to death, and what
A cruell, vicious, revengefull Tyrant
May inflict on us, if vanquiſh'd. Yet, this act
Of ours we muſt not vainely boaſt of: for,
The little birds will (with their beaks and wings)
Offend the raviſhers of their young iſſue.
What then ſhould we performe thinke you, that farre
Paſſe theſe? yeild up your bodies baſely to
Foule rape and luſt, and ſo to infamie
For ever? No, no: farre be this from us
Honour'd virgins, that have ſuch armes to wield
Theſe cutting weapons, being (too) to fight authoriz'd,
By the examples of the nobleſt women,
Semiramis, *Zenobia*, faire *Cinana*
Siſter unto great *Macedon*, ſtout *Alvilda*,
Cumilla, and the Amazonian Queenes,
Great *Mithridates* Queene, and ſeverall others,
Are patterns now for us to imitate;
O moſt brave patterns! Yet this we may ſay,
That our chaſt glories ſhall paſſe theirs, as farre
As th' worth of our intentions doth exceed
The cauſe they undertooke: nor ought you doubt it.
Let then the King of *Denmarke* fight where he liſt:
We will purſue no other than our worſt
And ſtrongeſt adverſary in's owne ſquadron;
Where I, as firſt, will looſe my life, or give
A ſuddaine end to his blacke purpoſes,
That ſought a conqueſt on our chaſtities.

Elſinor. Thy vertues and example, Neece: that are not
To be reach'd by any imitation

(At leaſt of our endeavours) doe farre more
Excite our courages, then *Hermes* could,
Were he now here, to play the Orator:
Lead on then; you ſhall find us no bad ſeconds.
Scania. I have more than a womans longing to begin.
Land. I know *Fatyma*, though ſhe be not great,
Has not the leaſt deſire to fight among us.
Fatyma. Stay till you ſee me knocke ſome great ones downe;
Untill when, I ſhall well remit your prayſes.
Land. Then follow me; and as you ſee me wooe
The *Swediſh* King, to his doe you ſo too. *Exeunt. A march.*

Enter Reyner, Valdemar, Inguar, Hubba, and one or two or more Souldiers with Axes.

Reyner. It's my chiefe comfort, noble *Cymbrians*,
Subjects and friends, to be your guide to day,
Againſt a valiant, wicked adverſary;
And for our right, th'inheritance of this kingdome,
To ſhew that vertue and the cauſe, doe more
Prevayle than any humane fortitude,
Or ſetl'd Councels, when they're joyn'd to vice;
And by injuſtice ſeeke to advance their ſtates?
Which wiſely our forefathers mask'd beneath
The fables of the *Titans* 'gainſt the gods.
But it ſho'd ſeeme the vertue of our foes
(Wiſedome and valour) has forſooke 'em, by
Their palliardiſe, by eaſe, and hourely ryot;
This kingdome being more fatall unto them,
Then *Capua* was to *Hannibal*: and therefore,
Not worth your meaneſt feares: I muſt not then
Inlarge my ſelfe in words too farre, becauſe
You need 'em not; nor need you be beholding,
Unto the fames of your brave Anceſtors,
Thoſe valiant *Cymbrians*, that almoſt gave
An end to *Rome*, the Miſtris of the world,
And not in her declyning dayes, when her
Owne vices had confounded her; as when

The

The *Gothes* and *Vandals* (now our enemies)
Did trample on her, being downe before.
She liv'd full man, when great King *Belenus*
Did (on the borders of rich *Italy*)
Vanquiſh three of her braveſt Generals,
Sylanus, *Cæpio*, and *Manilius*.
This (if you pleaſe) you may conſider; and
That our foes are more famous for their whoredomes,
Than conquering of *Norway*. Reflect alſo
How for this cauſe, we are aſſiſted by
An Angel troope, of chaſt and noble Ladies:
Whom neyther loſſe of life, or other evils
Can fright, from ſeeking to revenge the wrongs
Done to their Sex, their parents, and their friends.
Then, let's not ſhame our ſelves now in their preſence,
Or to poſteritie: by being out-gone
By women in a battle. Laſtly, conſider
The everlaſting honour due to vertue;
Of which we now ſhall make a glorious purchaſe.
Hub. I am affraid you will conſider (ſir,)
So long of theſe women; untill you forget
What you applaud ſo feelingly, your vertue.
Rey. Thou 'rt alwayes merry, *Hubba*, honeſt withall;
And from my heart I wiſh, that each man here
Performe a Souldiers parts, no worſe than thou;
We ſhall not then be beaten.
Vald. Let's march on, ſir:
And you ſhall quickly find the meaneſt of 'em,
Valiant and ſtrong to purchaſe what's your birth-right.
Rey. Then let us move; and proſper too, as we
Affect injuſtice, or impietie. *Exeunt. A march*

Enter Frollo, Haſmond, Gotar, and two or three more with Axes.

Frollo. We muſt not looſe our confidence, brave Warriors,
Though we be taken ſomewhat tardy, by
A ſort of raw freſh-water ſouldiers, weake

Vnmartiall

Unmartiall women fitter for night encounters,
And ſome poore fugitive *Norwegian* rebels,
Conquer'd and beaten oft by us before.
What then although our numbers be the leſſe?
Yet not by much: the glory of the adventure,
Would not be worth the paines we under tooke elſe.
Beſides, if we conſider what our Anceſtors
Have (by their never-equall'd vallors) oft
Perform'd againſt the nobleſt nations of
The world, this our deſigne is nothing: nothing
To what they did: What we have done our ſelves,
And meane to doe hereafter. Notwithſtanding,
Let me commend unto your memories,
After a generall faſhion (for now
The time exacts deeds more than words) what ſome
Of their large conqueſts were, not onely in
Europe, Which was all theirs almoſt: but in
Affricke, a third and richeſt part of th'world;
Which from the *Ocean* unto *Nyle* they won;
And from the *Mid-land* Sea, to the torrid *Zone*.
Great *Rome* her ſelfe (that wiſedome boaſted moſt,
And next her vallor) was by our fathers taken,
Pillag'd, and burnt foure times at leaſt; and her
Large Empyre brought to nothing. She maſter'd all:
We maſter'd her;
And will not now degenerate firſt of ours.
What though men ſay, we are not religious?
Religion is but a toy, and firſt invented
By politicke States, to keepe fooles in awe;
And of all men obſerved leaſt by themſelves,
If ſhe but thwart the leaſt of their intendments.
They glorifie her much for their owne ends;
And that's even almoſt all: and ſo may we.
Yet, honour by warre, riches, and our pleaſure,
Shall be the Altars, and the gods we'll bow to
In our free mindes; and what we gaine we'l keepe.
King *Reyner* therefore was not wiſe, in ſeeking
To diſpoſſeſſe the braveſt Nation breathing,

Of what they have atchiev'd by the right of conqueſt;
And ſhall (I hope) in ſnatching at our Crowne,
By your more pow'rfull armes, ſoone miſſe his own. *Ex. Alarums.*

A good while after the allarums are begun,
Enter Frollo and a gentleman.

Frol. Furies and plagues: theſe wild, wild bloudy whores,
Fight like ſo many Tygers: without the leaſt
Apprehenſion of feare, or any kind
Of mercy: the purſie *Danes* come nothing neere 'em:
Having cut off our vauntgard, and right wing,
They preſſe on our maine battle too; and force
It to give ground. Goe, fly thou: and charge *Haſmond*
To fetch the reare with ſpeed up; that we may *Exit gent.*
(There being no other hope for ſafety left us)
Upon one deſperat onſlaught hazard all. *Enter Scania.*
Scan. I am glad I 've met you, ſir.
Frol. A pretty fine peece, *aſide.*
I wo'd faine ſave this. I ſho'd preferre
Thy beautie, unto ought that's ours; prove kind
And gentle unto thee, ſweet-heart: if thou 'lt
But yeeld ——
Scania. To thy imbraces, that muſt 'a' had
My ſiſter, me and forty more. We now
Shall ſee what you can doe 'gainſt one. Come quickly
Then, vnto your guard ſir: or I ſhall ſoone ſend forth
Your too hot bloud, to coole your luſtfull heart.
Frol. Plague on you for a company of ſpitefull,
Venomous tong'd bitches. Ye had rather lye,
With the worſt Hynde of your owne, than the beſt of us.
Scan. Villaine, I 'll anſwer thee another way. *Offers to fight on.*
Land. Hold ſiſter. This muſt only be my mate: *which Land. enters,*
Goe, ſeeke you out another ſomewhere elſe? *Exit Scania.*
Frol. Art thou *Landgartha*? or ſome ſupernall goddeſſe,
Deſcended in her fairer ſhape, to make
A conqueſt now on *Frollo*, that muſt yeeld
Himſelfe thy captive?

(At leaſt of our endeavours) doe farre more
Excite our courages, then *Hermes* could,
Were he now here, to play the Orator:
Lead on then; you ſhall find us no bad ſeconds.
Scania. I have more than a womans longing to begin.
Land. I know *Fatyma*, though ſhe be not great,
Has not the leaſt deſire to fight among us.
Fatyma. Stay till you ſee me knocke ſome great ones downe;
Untill when, I ſhall well remit your prayſes.
Land. Then follow me; and as you ſee me wooe
The *Swediſh* King, to his doe you ſo too. *Exeunt. A march.*

Enter Reyner, Valdemar, Inguar, Hubba, and one or two or more Soulders with Axes.

Reyner. It's my chiefe comfort, noble *Cymbrians*,
Subjects and friends, to be your guide to day,
Againſt a valiant, wicked adverſary;
And for our right, th'inheritance of this kingdome,
To ſhew that vertue and the cauſe, doe more
Prevayle than any humane fortitude,
Or ſetl'd Councels, when they're joyn'd to vice;
And by injuſtice ſeeke to advance their ſtates?
Which wiſely our forefathers mask'd beneath
The fables of the *Titans* 'gainſt the gods.
But it ſhō'd ſeeme the vertue of our foes
(Wiſedome and valour) has forſooke 'em, by
Their palliardiſe, by eaſe, and hourely ryot;
This kingdome being more fatall unto them,
Then *Capua* was to *Hannibal*: and therefore,
Not worth your meaneſt feares: I muſt not then
Inlarge my ſelfe in words too farre, becauſe
You need 'em not; nor need you be beholding,
Unto the fames of your brave Anceſtors,
Thoſe valiant *Cymbrians*, that almoſt gave
An end to *Rome*, the Miſtris of the world,
And not in her declyning dayes, when her
Owne vices had confounded her; as when

The

The *Gothes* and *Vandals* (now our enemies)
Did trample on her, being downe before.
She liv'd full man, when great King *Belenus*
Did (on the borders of rich *Italy*)
Vanquiſh three of her braveſt Generals,
Sylanus, *Cæpio*, and *Manilius*.
This (if you pleaſe) you may conſider; and
That our foes are more famous for their whoredomes,
Than conquering of *Norway*. Reflect alſo
How for this cauſe, we are aſſiſted by
An Angel troope, of chaſt and noble Ladies:
Whom neyther loſſe of life, or other evils
Can fright, from ſeeking to revenge the wrongs
Done to their Sex, their parents, and their friends.
Then, let's not ſhame our ſelves now in their preſence,
Or to poſteritie: by being out-gone
By women in a battle. Laſtly, conſider
The everlaſting honour due to vertue;
Of which we now ſhall make a glorious purchaſe.

Hub. I am affraid you will conſider (ſir,)
So long of theſe women; untill you forget
What you applaud ſo feelingly, your vertue.

Rey. Thou 'rt alwayes merry, *Hubba*, honeſt withall;
And from my heart I wiſh, that each man here
Performe a Souldiers parts, no worſe than thou;
We ſhall not then be beaten.

Vald. Let's march on, ſir:
And you ſhall quickly find the meaneſt of 'em,
Valiant and ſtrong to purchaſe what's your birth-right.

Rey. Then let us moye; and proſper too, as we
Affect injuſtice, or impietie. *Exeunt. A march.*

Enter Frollo, Haſmond, Gotar, and two or three more with Axes.

Frollo. We muſt not looſe our confidence, braye Warriors,
Though we be taken ſomewhat tardy, by
A ſort of raw freſh-water ſouldiers, weake

Vnmartiall

Unmartiall women fitter for night encounters,
And some poore fugitive *Norwegian* rebels,
Conquer'd and beaten oft by us before.
What then although our numbers be the lesse?
Yet not by much: the glory of the adventure,
Would not be worth the paines we under tooke else.
Besides, if we consider what our Ancestors
Have (by their never-equall'd vallors) oft
Perform'd against the noblest nations of
The world, this our designe is nothing: nothing
To what they did: What we have done our selves,
And meane to doe hereafter. Notwithstanding,
Let me commend unto your memories,
After a generall fashion (for now
The time exacts deeds more than words) what some
Of their large conquests were, not onely in
Europe, Which was all theirs almost: but in
Affricke, a third and richest part of th'world;
Which from the *Ocean* unto *Nyle* they won;
And from the *Mid-land* Sea, to the torrid *Zone*.
Great *Rome* her selfe (that wisedome boasted most,
And next her vallor) was by our fathers taken,
Pillag'd, and burnt foure times at least; and her
Large Empyre brought to nothing. She master'd all:
We master'd her;
And will not now degenerate first of ours.
What though men say, we are not religious?
Religion is but a toy, and first invented
By politicke States, to keepe fooles in awe;
And of all men observed least by themselves,
If she but thwart the least of their intendments.
They glorifie her much for their owne ends;
And that's even almost all: and so may we.
Yet, honour by warre, riches, and our pleasure,
Shall be the Altars, and the gods we'll bow to
In our free mindes; and what we gaine we'll keepe.
King *Reyner* therefore was not wise, in seeking
To dispossesse the bravest Nation breathing,

Of what they have atchiev'd by the right of conqueſt;
And ſhall (I hope) in ſnatching at our Crowne,
By your more pow'rfull armes, ſoone miſſe his own. *Ex. Alarums.*

A good while after the allarums are begun,
Enter Frollo and a gentleman.

Frol. Furies and plagues: theſe wild, wild bloudy whores,
Fight like ſo many Tygers: without the leaſt
Apprehenſion of feare, or any kind
Of mercy: the purſie *Danes* come nothing neere 'em:
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Then, vnto your guard ſir: or I ſhall ſoone ſend forth
Your too hot bloud, to coole your luſtfull heart.
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Venomous tong'd bitches. Ye had rather lye,
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Deſcended in her fairer ſhape, to make
A conqueſt now on *Frollo*, that muſt yeeld
Himſelfe thy captive?

Land. Thou once call'dst me subject;
And I am come to tender my alleageance;
To your ungracious wickednesse, thus —— *strikes at him.*
Frol. Hold, for heavens sake hold, and patiently
But take my faithfull vow. Doe thou withdraw
Thy troopes from our defeat: and by the *Olympian*
Gods, I shall no sooner
Have strucke King *Reyner* with his punie *Danes*,
But I'll make thee my Queene.
Land. Thy Concubyne.
Frol. All miseries light on me then for ever;
Or if I ever mixe with woman but
Thy selfe: for thou art worthy of a *Mars*,
A *Hercules*, or *Iupiter*.
Land. And have
Fully resolv'd never to kisse any man,
But him that shall first master me in fight:
You are best therefore looke well to your selfe, sir;
Or I shall quickly marry your hearts bloud
To this weapon. *They fight & he's hurt.*
Frol. I bleed you see: let which
Serve as an offering, to appease thy wrath
Conceiv'd against a wretch, that now repents *Here Rey. Vald. Inguar. & Hubb. are discovered.*
(Unfainedly) his former evill life.
May the gods chiefe attribute then (mercy)
Find roome for me (a Convertite) in thy
Noble and vertuous soule: and I shall still
Become thy pious imitator: be
Govern'd by thee in all things, and thy husband;
By heaven and all, I will.
Land. But I hope you shall not:
For I must try your manhood once againe. *They fight, and she strikes him downe.*
Reyn. O brave mayde!
Frol. Faire *Furie*, thou hast kill'd me,
Hell take thee for't: my love is now cool'd indeed.
But I will be reveng'd, I cannot, cannot rise:
The losse of bloud, and paine, strike faint my pow'rs:
That I were now on high transform'd *Atlas*:

This

This being no fable, but a truth: that I
Might cut the axle-tree of heaven in two:
And tumble downe the gods, and breake their necks,
Proud gods, if ſuch there be. Then, like *Enceladus*
(Loaden with flaming *Etna*) I ſho'd turne,
And ſhake out all the ſtarres: The ſunne, and with
That fire, burne all to cinders. Thus I 'd turne:
O divels, I cannot: but doe feele a pitchy
Cloud (darker than night) hang o'r my drowſie temples:
And muſt (there is no remedy) deſcend, to ſtalke
Along th'infernall waves, or wafted over,
Grapple with the damned *Furies*, receive my ſoule
You beaſtly Hags, then: that ſhall torment you more,
Than you can any. *Dyes.*

Land. The gods are now reveng'd
On thee, by me, libidinous Woolfe, foule Tyrant.

Rey. And rid me (worthy Lady,) of a dangerous
Adverſary.

Land. I doe beſeech, ſir: *Kneels on one knee.*
As my duty onely to receive that,
Vnto them and your grace, though a woman.

Rey. This to me (Madame) is too great an honour.
Pray ſtand up. I ſhould rather kneele to you,
Whoſe beauty and incomparable vertues,
Exact no ſlender adoration,
From all thoſe that love goodneſſe; or the image
Of heaven in your face. We muſt acknowledge,
Notwithſtanding our right to the crowne of *Norway*,
What pow'r ſoe'r we have in't, gain'd and confirm'd
Chiefly by you, that are our ſtrongeſt friend.

Land. Your poore and humble vaſſall, that deſires
No other recompence for her ſmall ſervice,
Than your Kingly licence, to remaine
(When your foes are wholly vanquiſh'd) from all
Imployment ſever'd: to leade a ſolitary
Quiet life, being compell'd (in the defence
Of what I ever moſt eſteemed) to match
Thus amongſt men; which I did not covet, but

The contrary.

Rey. You will not wrong the world
(The race of man, sweet Lady,) so to robb it
Of such lustre: nay of all light, by
Dedicating of what is onely good in't,
Your selfe, to solitude.

Land. I must not be
Compell'd to any state of life, sir.

Rey. You cannot
Madame, I see that; and (by your force my foes
Now put to flight) I shall continue alwayes,
Not onely a meere servant, but for ever
Your bondman; not to offend you i' th' least thought.

Vald. Here be other noble friends (sir) to whom you
Stand bound in no small summes.

Elsinor. Of Princely favour
Onely.

Rey. Rise faire Ladies, you shall command
Vs, being your creature.

Land. You are now, sir
To consider, how to use your victory.

Scania. For us, we shall hereafter (we doubt not)
Partake the fruits of your most Royall bounty,
Which we shall begge more, for the generall
Good, than our particular interests, sir.

Rey. You shall be the Law-makers, to your selves:
For those, by whom we raigne, shall be our guides:
In the meane time, thou *Valdemar* and *Ingmar*,
Pursue the flying foe, but most with mercie,
Not of circumspection; yet, least th' Van
Turne by some accident, by us not thought on;
Save all that yeeld, whom we doe meane to send
Home ransomelesse; to see if that benefit
May worke a peace betwixt us. If it doe not,
We shall the next time be the more excus'd,
In our extending of severitie.
Come Ladies, we'll to counsell to conclude
Concerning what we have (by you) subdu'd.

Exeunt Scania, Elsinora, & Fat.

The second Act.

Enter Valdemar, and Inguar.

Vald. It's a ſtrange humor that has ſeaz'd upon him;
whatſoever the cauſe be.
Ingvar. When you are
Ignorant of it, all others muſt be ſo.
Vald. He diſcovers nothing to me ſave onely
That he is ſtill (and that he often ſayes)
Of griefe and heavineſſe; and ſometimes ſicke.
Ing. His ſickneſſe may (in time) prove dangerous,
If ſome fit remedy be not apply'd.
Vald. He 'll heare of none; I urg'd his Phyſitians,
At which he ſtorm'd, and bad me leave him to
Himſelfe; and ſince I dare not come in ſight.
Ingar. It's a deadly malady, that will admit
Of no cure We are beſt put Captaine *Hubba*,
Or the wiſe *Conſell* on him: for the wit
Of the one and th'others folly may remove
More of that griefe he ſpeaks on, than good counſell. *Enter Rey.*
Vald. Here comes the man himſelfe, in his uſuall
Meditation: and therefore let's away. *Exeunt ambo.*
Reyn. She is divinely faire, and in her mind
The nobleſt vertues keepe their reſidence,
As in their loveli ſt habitation,
Being all in love with her, I thinke, as I am,
From my ſad heart warme teares (teares of affliction)
The fire of my affection doth ſend up
Into my eyes, that thence diſtill in ſtreames,
Which yet to me, are torrents of ſweet joyes,
Ioyes, that this is for her, my griefe proceeds
From a profound feare I ſhall never gaine her,
Injoy that unpeer'd modell of perfection.
There is no way but one to pull the fruit

Jove would turne Gooſe, to taſte: ſhe's ſo reſerv'd
To the leaſt vicious acts; Wretch, that hope
Is not (yet) left thee: For, being nobly borne
(Though ſhe no fit match be for us, in lieu
Of worldly ſubſtance, being in her ſelfe
An ample dowry for a richer Prince)
We ſho'd (and gladly) ſue to be her husband.
But a report goes, ſhe will joyne with no man,
In ſuch an obligation, which (that ſhe
Will not at all have me) is that which ſtriks
A blacke deſpaire into my ſoule, and will
(Vnleſſe I meete ſome comfort) quickly kill me;
Being ſicke in body, as in mind already. *Enter Hub. & Cowſell.*
Hub. See, where he ſtalks. Doe you but put him out
Of his ſad humor; and thou ſha't have ——
Cow. O Captaine,
I am affraid, for he looks ſowre upon't.
Hub. No matter: feare you nothing, but proceed;
And care not what you ſay, ſo you ſay ſomething;
It's your fooles faſhion, and you now muſt ſeeme one.
Cow. But hearke, you, Captaine. How ſho'd I begin?
Hub. Say that you come from the Ladies; ſo I leave you. *Exit*
Rey. Sirra, what make you here? *Hub. & peeps.*
Cow. Come from the Ladies.
Rey. Well ſayd, ſpeake that againe.
Cow. Come from the Ladies.
Rey. Very good, and what of them?
Cow. Come from the Ladies.
Rey. What, againe. Pray tell me, what did occaſion
Your ſo kind friendly viſit to the Ladies?
Cow. I went thither (being ſome two myle of)
To be joviall with a new acquaintance
Of mine, my brother *Radger*.
Rey. Some ſuch wiſe man,
As thou art.
Cow. He's a very honeſt man.
Rey. And takes his cup ſoundly, I warrant.
Cowſell. So

Doe many honest men beside him; and
Keepe wenches too, that's more.
Rey. And yet are honest.
Cow. 's honest and faire-condition'd gentlemen,
As live, I know severall of 'em, my selfe.
Rey. The Ladies are well. How did they use thee? tell.
Cow. They 're all exceeding well: and us'd me kindly
For your sake; gave me a banquet, strawberries
And creame; we drunke helter-skelter too; the Ladies
Tooke your health themselves, and ask'd me how you did;
Landgartha sayd, you were a good man, and that
She lov'd you with all her heart.
Rey. Let me imbrace *Imbraces him.*
Thee from my heart, for that good newes.
Hub. Sweet King,
Have I found your malady?
Cow. O kind Prince! *Aside.*
Rey. What sayest? are they not delicate fine creatures?
Cow. Indifferent handsome, passable, and so forth ——
Hub. You 'll with a knocke be sent forth, I see that.
Rey. I was not from thy want of wit, to expect
Any true censure. But yet, tell me truely:
Which of 'em all dost thou thinke is the fairest?
Cow. The Lady *Elsinora* in my opinion,
Is th' rich Pearle amongst 'em; *Landgartha* to her
Is but a meere milkemayde.
Rey. He makes me sicke;
A dunce to wrong the worlds chiefe ornament. *Kicks, & beats him.*
Cow. Oh, oh my bum! my bum! *Exit, and enter Hubba.*
Hub. I perceive I must
Venture a beating too.
Rey. Thou mett'st a foole
Going out that way.
Hub. And he complaines of something
Vnder favour.
Rey. We gave some cause for 't, but
Doe now repent it. Prethee *Hubba* call him;
He sayd some 'at of the Ladies.

Hub. I can tell
You more of 'em than he: for, I was lately too
Where they (like a companie of fine ducklings)
Wag together.
Rey. Thy words are base.
Hub. What wo'd
You have me say? they are all very valiant;
And made King *Frolla* pay for seeking (and
But in's goodwill) to domineere a little
Over 'em; he lost his life and kingdomes by 't.
Rey. We therefore ought the better to love them.
Hub. As your subjects onely, sir, but not to cast
Vnder you on a bed, couch, or cleane mat;
You know what fine *Furies* they are, if you vex 'em.
Rey. We are not so unwise, as to consult
Of their dishonour.
Hub. Nor so farre (I hope)
Mistaken to marry any of 'em.
Rey. Why *Hubba*? are they not faire and vertuous,
Think'st thou?
Hub. I doe admire, sir, you sho'd talke
So much of vertue: a thing th'arrantest Asse
Will scorne, if Money be not joyn'd to it;
And then (although he hate it, and the possessor
Of it) he will prayse 't.
Rey. Thou 'rt now in thy old humors.
Hub. Besides, you thinke *Landgartha* faire: but I say,
Th' Emperors daughter's worth a thousand of her.
Rey. I 'de loathly beat thee *Hubba*: yet, I tell thee;
Were *Charlemaine* (the Emperors father) now
Alive, and in his Pryme of youth and glory,
Landgartha (being his Paralell in valor;
By vertue much more) were a wife enough good
For him; were she not neere so faire as she is.
But all, all being joyn'd *Hubba*; I suppose
He wo'd esteeme her his chiefe earthly blessing.
I, I, and more, a Paradise on earth.
Hub. Were she ten times better; you cannot have her.

Rey. Thou ſhoot'ſt a ſuddaine feare (colder then death)
Into me; You were beſt give no bad reaſon,
For what you ſay.
Hub. She has vow'd Chaſtity,
Unto the gods: which bond though you ſho'd be
Content to forfeyt, it is ſure ſhe will not.
Rey. The ſtrongeſt poyſon could not ſincke me deader,
Then thy ſad tongue has. *Exit.*
Hub. Flunge away in a rage:
Well; I was to blame to tell him, what I was not
Sure on: For now I truely doe conceive
There is no plaſter but one, that can cure him;
And that the faire *Landgartha* muſt apply too;
No garden hearbs will doe it, any one
That has as much braine as a Wood-cocke, may now
Finde that, that knowes what his diſeaſe is. He's worſe
Then horne-mad already; I 'll therefore after him,
And what betwixt lyes and true tales, I ſhall goe very neere
To fetch him to himſelfe, and hope againe. *Exit.*

Enter Ingnar in the middle.

The King ſtretch'd on his Couch, ſtrangely diſtemper'd,
And moſt unlike himſelfe (his courage loſt)
He pules and whynes moſt pitifully: Good heaven,
What ſtrange diſeaſe ſho'd render ſo devicted
Such a man? So valiant? So each way noble?
We ſee no outward cauſe, that ſho'd diſtract him;
Sho'd it be love? *Enter Vald. to Ingnar.*
Vald. Lord *Ingnar*, I have newes
For you.
Ing. I long to heare 'em: For your count'nance
(Showing alacrity) ſpeaks comfort to the King.
Vald. Did you never heare of a little blind
Boy, that wounded many a proper man?
Ing. Has *Cupid* ſhot his Highneſſe?
Vald. No mortall man,
Nor god ſo deepe, 't will be proclaym'd in open

Market ſhortly.

Ingnar. Who ſhould the object be?

Vald. Who but *Volſca de gente Camilla?*
Th'faireſt and beſt of women, brave, *Landgartha*
Hubba is ſent (on paine of his beſt joynt)
To fetch her hither: from whence ere ſhe part,
Her duty and th'Kings gracious affection
Conſider'd, ſhe may be glad to yeeld to his
Commands; as I hope her ſiſter will, to my
Intreaties to ſerve her.

Ingnar. I beleeve, you 'ill finde
Your ſelfe miſtaken in thoſe vertuous Ladies.

Enter the foure Ladies in womans apparell with Swords on, and Hubba.

Land. The gods defend ſo good, and mercifull
A Prince; I know it's but a cold that troubles
His grace.

Hub. Not ſo (Madame) I can aſſure you;
His diſeaſe proceeds rather of heate. He burnes
Extreamely; and it s thought by ſome, that his
Phyſitians cannot cure him.

Land. I hope
They are deceiv'd that thinke ſo.

Vald. Welcome to Court,
Faire Ladies; Which, till now (that you lighten it
With the divine ſplendor of your beauties)
Was darker than a dungeon: and but a Hell
Compar'd unto the Paradiſe of the Campe,
Where in the fruition of your pleaſing ſt
Converſations, being rapt beyond our ſelves
With hope of future favours, we in you
Plac'd the whole ſumme of our felicities.

Land. You are merrily diſpos'itd ſeemes, ſir,
Which (to be plaine) becomes you but moſt foulely;
The King being ſicke, when all (and chiefly you)
Sho'd (and not for ceremony only) put

A darke

A darke face of ſorrow on; and contayne
Their ſlippery tongues, from talking over-idlely;
Some may conceive your mirth proceeds, from being
Next heire to him in bloud.
Vald. It rather ſprings
(Sweet Lady) from your comming now to cure him.
Land. Which, with a joyfull heart, I ſho'd performe
If I knew how: Pray you therefore, kind ſir,
Be ſomewhat cleerer in what you conceive.
Vald. 'ts quickly learnt; nature will teach you Madame,
His grace will ſhew you too; you will not prove *Ieeringly.*
Perverſe.
Land. Are you ſo blinde a Goate, to forget *Gives him*
Frollo ſo ſoone? to open your eyes take that. *a box, on*
Scan. Pray ſiſter hold. What doe you meane to quarell *which all*
On a ſurmiſe? I know the Lord *Valdemars* *draw, and*
Intents are noble, and much more the Kings. *Scania*
Elſin. Y' are to blame, Neece, to be ſo ſuddaine in ſuch *ſteps in.*
A fond conceit.
Land. Doe we come to be abus'd?
I 'll backe agen. For your part ſir, you ſhall *Exit, and the*
Not fayle to meete me, when and where you liſt. *other three*
Hub. His grace will now run mad indeed. *follow her.*
Vald. Lord *Ingvar*,
As you love me, follow that ſevere Lady;
And reduce her (if ever you did ought for
A friend) to mildneſſe, and this way backe; or I
Am loſt for ever to the King and people: *Exit Ingvar.*
Captaine, goe thou too once more, for my ſake.
Hub. And as you meane to doe, forſweare my ſelfe
That you meant no hurt. I have already told her
A hundred lyes at leaſt; and am now o' th' faith,
That double the number will ſcarce ſerve to quiet her;
It's ſuch another untoward piece of fleſh. *Exit Hub.*
Vald. She is an excellent Miſtris, and has taught *Ieeringly.*
Me ſuch a Leſſon, I have cauſe to thanke her:
For ſhe has given me patience, and wiſedome;
Honeſty too I thinke. The flat truth is

She has wrought ſtrangely with me, very ſtrangely,
The raviſhing notes of a *Cycilian Cyren*,
Could not ſo have taken my Eare (and from thence
My heart) with a moſt alluring kinde of
Delight, as the ſmart-touch of her white hand has:
It ſtrucke into me ſuch a love,
To her Siſter I meane, that came ſo kindly
Betwixt us, as I doe now account my ſelfe,
A gainer by the blow; in hope to gaine
What I now love ſo much, and nobly too.
Well, they will come backe this way againe, I know;
And I muſt ſing a very dolefull ditty,
A Palinode; or pray, where they may ſee me,
Being a thing I 've onely done but twice
Theſe ſeven yeares: once, that I went to ſea:
Secondly and laſtly, before the laſt battle. *Exit.*

Reyner is diſcover'd on a Couch, and a gentleman with him.

Rey. Are th' Ladies come yet to Court?
Gent. They are ſir,
And will ſoone be here. *Enter Inguar & Hubba.*
Rey. Whoſe that?
Gent. My Lord *Inguar*.
Rey. Where have you left the Ladies?
Ing. Comming after (Sir,)
Sad and much troubl'd for your want of health. *Enter the 4. Ladies.*
Scan. You 'll be extreamely hated, if you uſe
So much exception, on ſo little cauſe.
Land. If he accoſt me any more, with his
Baſe jeering countenance, and whorriſh language;
My ſword ſhall (for ſuch kindneſſe) kiſſe his middriff.
Fat. Pray pacifie your minde, you need not ſtand
At ſo much diſtance.
Rey. Are not they come yet?
Hub. They now are here, by much adoe.
Rey. Good *Inguar*,

Intreat 'em to approach.

Ingnar. Madame, the King
Desires you wo'd be pleas'd to draw neerer.

Rey. You honour me, sweet Ladies, in this visit:
Which, beyond expression adds comfort
Vnto a wretched sickely man. Chayres there,
Pray you sit downe; y' are all exceeding welcome.

Land. Our duty charg'd us (sir,) to obey your summons:
Yet, our affection to your grac's welfare,
And to that depends of it (the generall good
Of the republicke) were the chiefe motives
To our journey.

Scan. And being able (sir,) to stead you
In loving wishes onely, we must expect
(With griefe to see his weakenesse, whose good health
We most desire) your highnesse royall pleasure.

Rey. Thankes worthy Ladies. We must also pay
You in good wishes; being otherwise
Too indigent to cancell what we are
Ingag'd to you for many wayes.
We have beene still oppress since your departure
From us (whose vertuous presence, was all
The comfort we had) with a heavy sadnesse,
Nourish'd by griefe; nor doe we ever hope
To see the Sunne againe, but at a window.

Land. The gods defend you (sir,) from giving way
To such despayre. *Enter Vald.*

Vald. I follow after (like
A Theefe) aloofe, to see what good successe
The King has in his love suite; and to venter
For my particular, as he makes his voyage.

Scan. Your Majestie must never entertayne
Darke melancholy thoughts, but quite cashire 'em.

Vald. Her voyce founds sweeter, then the celestiall spheres,
In their harmonious motion. I am more
Then ravish'd when I heare it; and thinke I shall
Fall sicke too, or runne franticke, ere 't belong.

Fat. I heard no meane Physitian often say, Sir,

That Muſicke and mirth were good for ſickely men.

Rey. Bid the Boy ſing the Song we made of Love.

Song.

Love's farre more pow'rfull than a King
And wiſer then moſt Stateſman are:
For it commands him, and doth ſpring
In them ſtrange thoug' ts; in both much care
(Beſide th'affaires o' th' Common-wealth)
To crouch and to obey. Nay more,
It makes 'em looſe all joy and health,
And not be the men they were before;
Vntill wiſe love, all pow'rfull love,
The gracious Phyſitian prove.

Land. This is a very loving ſong,
Your grace made: but the contents of it, not
To be apply'd to you ſir, that may command
(If pow'r and perſon can compell) the beſt
And faireſt Lady i' th' world to be yours,
In a noble way; and otherwiſe your vertue forbids it.

Rey. It does indeed forbid us what is vicious.
And ſeeing we doe not hope for life, we muſt
Crave your kinde pardon now, to heare us tell
Th'occaſion of our ſickneſſe briefly thus:
You are the onely cauſe on't.

Land. How? I my liege?
My knowledge ſayes not ſo.

Rey. Your beautie, vallor,
And all the perfections (parted to others,
But) in you conjoyn'd, protect it: and I am
For one can ſweare it. But, being ſpell'd
By a ſeverely-awing rigor from your brow
(Yet ſweet withall, though killing) and being told
Of a ſad purpoſe y' have, never to marry,
We now are fall'n thus low, beneath the Center
Of deepe deſpaire and ſorrow; and deſire,
You will ſay ſomething, either to haſten our doome

Or

Or to recall it by a loving ſentence.
Land. I muſt take ſome time then to deliberate
Aſide.
Rey. Being yours, in that you may command us. *She goes aſide*
Land. We expected no ſuch entertaynment. *& the Ladies*
Elſin. My minde foretold me ſtill of ſome diſaſter. *with her.*
Scan. Notwithſtanding your reſolution,
Not to marry: you have not vow'd againſt
Obedience to a man, in that friendly
Yoake of Wedlocke. The Kings found affection
Is not then to be rejected, if you ever
Take any.
Land. If I doe, he ſhall be the man.
Fatyma. You muſt not ſtudy now long for ſome anſwer.
Elſin. He's deſperately ill: and if you ſhou'd
Give him a flat deniall, we might be
All ſeazed on heere at Court, and ſome villanie
Committed on us; being to defend our ſelves,
Too few by many.
Scan. They ſhall take our lives,
Ere we'll endure to be defil'd.
Fatyma. And with
The loſſe of ſome of theirs.
Rey. Have you conſider'd
Yet, of the doome y'are to pronounce?
Elſinora. All ſtand
Warily on their guard.
Land. Your poore ſubjects (ſir)
Muſt rather expect (in duty) your commands.
Rey. Nay ſweet Lady. Doe not increaſe my torment,
By adding affliction to miſery,
With a complement: but ſomething ſay, that
May appertaine to th' matter, to rid me
Quickely of my paine.
Land. It's ſure; I have not
(Although I ever meant it) bound my ſelfe,
Unto a ſingle life.
Rey. Then deareſt Lady,

Consider who I am; and what I now am,
Lodg'd thus: for though I clayme you not as by desert,
Or dutie: Yet, being your Prince, you owe me
Some regard; and all, I e'r must glory in,
Shall be to make you Queene of what is ours.
Land. May it please you, Sir.
Ray. Pray you sit and speake;
Or I must rise, if weakenesse will permit. *She sits, and the rest stand.*
Land. Had I beene ambitious, when you were not
Crown'd King of *Norway*: I could then perchance
Have written Queene, unto your prejudice.
But, for that *Frollo* once intended foulely,
I (that could not affect vice) did refuse
What he with earnestnesse, and many Oathes
Sought to confirme; and was his bane at last,
Though I beleev'd that what he said, he meant.
Now therefore (Sir,) your affection (grounded
In way of honour, without taint of baseneſse;
With such exterior signes too, of deepe love
To me, unworthy of so great a Prince:)
I cannot (nor will my heart permit it,) but
In way of gratefulnesse, reciprocally
Requite with love againe, as dutie binds;
Nay, more then so. But yet, gracious Sir,
I (that am meane and poore to be your Consort;
And that things of this kinde are oft repented)
Doe now beseech you, to decline a while
The vehemencie of your fleete desires;
And take full time to thinke on what you doe:
Were't but to take a neerer view of me,
And that in all points. For know sir, the honour
You now afford me, compar'd to th'infamie
That would redound to both of us, and to others
(By whom you are to be advis'd) if ought
Sho'd chance amisse, when things were consumate,
Is nothing: would but heighten your disgrace.
Your wise demurre too, I shall take as full payment
For all my services; and rest devoted

More

More deepely yours: and evermore continue
Your loyall ſubject onely, ſir.
Rey. I was ſure
(Nobleſt and beſt of Ladies:) That your words
(Being ſuch as now they are) could not but worke
A cure upon me. See, I can ſtand up:
Nay, goe; I 'll throw my Cap off too. Some of you
Give me a Hat; I will walke with you forth
Into the Gallery, and tell you there,
I have conſider'd ſo much what you are,
Though not to your full value this being
Impoſſible: that if you thinke me not
Unworthy (as indeed I am for you)
We ſhall ſoone be Man and Wife. To morrow
I 'll wayte on you further, into the Garden.
Hub. And there (in one of the little bawdy houſes) *Aſide.*
Seale the Covenant, if it be receiv'd;
Though he were ſure to die in an houre after.
Elſin. I ſee ſhe does affect him in good earneſt. *Aſide.*
But wiſedome bids be ſilent; This poore kingdome
Being already torne too much, by tyrannie and troubles.
Things paſt our helpe, with patience muſt be borne,
Untill a fit time.
Rey. Lady *Elſinora*,
Me thinkes you doe not ſigne our loving motion,
With a friendly countenance.
Elſin. I hope, great Sir,
You will be pleas'd to entertayne farre better thoughts
Of your humbleſt hand-mayd.
Rey. I hope we ſhall.
Land. In licenſing our departure, for ſome ſmall time
(Dayes five or ſixe, and for a private Cauſe:)
You will for ever bind us (ſir) to your commands;
And to returne with all convenient ſpeed,
To obey your Highneſſe pleaſure in all points.
Rey. That ask'd agen, would throw me on my Couch;
Never to riſe.
Vald. Madame, I ſho'd make bold

To ſtop your journey, though the King were pleas'd
To grant his licence: for you (I muſt ſay
Somewhat roughly) ſaluted my left eare
With your right hand, as theſe can witneſſe for me.
Land. For which, you are reſolv'd to challenge me:
But not to be your wife; I gave you no
Such promiſe.
Vald. I muſt have ſatisfaction.
Land. You may declare what that is, when you liſt.
Vald. Nay, you ſhall know it now; and thus it ſounds:
That you perſwade this Lady, to become *Takes Scan. by the hand.*
My ſecond. For, love has ſtrucke me too, ſo ſore
A cuffe (caus'd by her beautie, and what elſe
Is good in her, in my opinion
Superlatively:) that I ſhall ne'r be rid
O' th' paine on't; unleſſe you that are like to be
My Coſſen, advance me higher, to the honour
To be your brother. We ſhall then be kind friends.
Land. She is not my warde; and may take whom ſhe fancies;
I may my ſelfe repent, to be perſwaded.
Rey. Speake Ladie, doe you like the man? He is
As good a Gentleman as We are: Say,
Will you have him?
Scan. You make me bluſh (ſir,) to aske
Me ſuch a queſtion.
Vald. Nay then, it's granted.
Scan. I will not grant at firſt; nor ſhall you ſay
Hereafter I deceiv'd you.
Fat. You deceive
Your ſelfe. Well Madame, I perceive we two *To Elſin.*
Muſt mateleſſe home to prove the Veſtals.
Ing. Not, ſweet Lady, if you 'll daigne to grace me, with
The title husband.
Fat. For your good will, ſir,
I thanke you: but will heare of no more coupling.
Ing. I yet muſt love you ſtill.
Rey. Then let's from hence,
To entertayne heavens happy influence. *Exeunt.*

The

The third Act.

Enter Fredericke and a Servant at the dore.

Fred. Let 'em not preſſe ſo faſt in, to behold
A ſemi-maske: for now 't can be no more,
For want of fitting Actors here at Court;
The Warre and want of Money, is the cauſe on't.
Serv. Stand further off, my maſters, or I ſhall——
Fred. Let fly amongſt 'em.
Vald. Pray you my Lord, have a care *Enter Vald. and Lady.*
(For my ſake) of this Lady; a kinſ-woman
Of my wives.
Fred. (I know you are Vxorious.)
Land. He ſhall not need: for I will have a care
Of my ſelfe.
Fred. I ſho'd gladly ſerve your Highneſſe:
But can hardly yet from hence.
Vald. Come Couſin,
I will be your Gentleman uſher my ſelfe. *Exeunt ambo.*
Cowſell within, make roome I ſay there, for me and my brother.
Fred. What kinde Coſſens are thoſe?
Serv. A payre of Coxcombes,
So individuall by the littleneſſe
Of their underſtandings, they cannot be parted. *Enter Cow. &*
Cow. Come away brother *Radgar*, we 'd need make haſte, *Rad.*
To take our places.
Rad. I ſhall be proud brother,
To be ſeated after you.
Cow. And I fortunate
To ſit next before you.
Rad. It ſhall be my ambition brother, to
Be ſtill (as now) your moſt humble ſervant.

Cow. It must be all my study then, brother; To
Command things onely pleasing: for marke you
Deere brother. I must strive chiefly to precede,
But —— in my affection.

Fred. A pretty Antimasque:
I will sit downe, and heare what it concludes.

Rad. But hearke you now, brother. Shall we have any
Drinke, Banquets, or so ——

Cow. Not a drop betwixt meales, brother,
That's but a simple Countrey fashion.

Fred. Are they already fall'n from complement?

Rad. Yet, me thinkes brother, 't were n't amisse to lay
The pots hard by; and let him drinke that two'd.

Cow. I sho'd a part keepe with you, in that Catch
brother, but now (with griefe enough) I say 't
(Wo'd I co'd not say 't:) I cannot now (being puff'd
Vp here for want of ayre) drinke nere as much,
As when I liv'd abroad i' th' Countrie; nor eate
The quarter quantitie.

Rad. That must be beleev'd
Generally, as a Maxime infallible:
For to day brother, the stinke of your perfum'd
And stuffing meates, tooke my stomacke quite away
From me. Yet, we drunke pretty well you know.

Cow. It's certaine (brother,) those that cannot eate,
Must drinke, and I can drinke indifferent well still
But, time there was I could 'a' payde it soundly.

Rad. As, how much? Pray sweet brother.

Cow. It is scarce
Credible, I how shall tell you: at one short
Sitting, I 'd a drunke you of Wine fixe Flaggons,
And two dozen of Beere at least, all at eight draughts;
And never 'a' seene the colour of my face,
In a Chamber pot; or sought ease, by visiting
My kind friend *Aiax*.

Rad. That's more by a little,
Then I ever could vent the right way. But yet,
I dare speake it brother, we are very neere

As good drinkers, as you be here i' th' Citie:
For you see, when we come to Towne, we doe
Nothing but runne from Taverne, to Taverne;
Oft to blind Ale-houses, to visit the fine
Wenches, of purpose there plac'd, to draw custome;
Now and then to see a Play, when we want
Other exercise; and once a weeke (upon
A holy day, when all doores are shut up)
To a godly exhortation, and sleepe out
(At least) three parts on't.

Cow. Especially if you
Take your liquor before hand.

Rad. Right brother, but
To morrow we will both from hence, to th' Countrey.

Cow. Wo'd this night were over once.

Rad. We 've excellent Mayds with us,
And while my Ladies dance and feast it here,
Both night and day: We both will keepe Court there;
Throw out the house at th' windowes, and fetch in
All our Towne-fidlers, with all the young fellowes
In fifteene villages about us; is 't not good?

Cow. O rare!

Fred. I' th' meane time Sir, let me perswade you
To conduct your brother to a place: For I
Am weary of your company. *Cow,* 'thanke your Lordship. *Exeunt ambo.*
Hubba within, give way there.

Fred. What lusty Gentleman's that?

Serv. Mad Captaine *Hubba*, and as lusty a *Virago* with him.

Enter Hubba and Marsisa in an Irish Gowne tuck'd up to mid-legge, with a broad basket-hilt Sword on, hanging in a great Belt, Broags on her feet, her hayre dishevell'd, and a payre of long neck'd big-rowll'd Spurs on her heels.

Hub. Come my brave *Marsisa*,
You are but just now come to Towne you say?

Mar. That you may well perceive ſir, by my ſpurs.
Fr. Here's handſome Cheeſe and Butter, and a Sword.
Hub. They 're a payre of excellent ginglers, but pray
Tell me: Did you ride ſideling, or like a man?
Mar. Howſoever, there ſhall ne'r a *Dane* ride i' my Saddle.
Hub. What? not i' the way of honeſty? as you love me,
Say not ſo; I hope you 'll be pleas'd to thinke of my ſervice.
Mar. I ſho'd rejoyce to be well pleas'd i' th' way
Of honeſty: Yet, your faire words ſhall not
Deceive me. At firſt try, then take on liking.
Hub. But, with your favour I thinke 't were better try:
Leaſt you ſho'd chance repent too late hereafter.
Mar. You will not put me ſir, to uſe my Sword: *Puts hand*
If you doe, you muſt firſt begin at that. *to her ſword.*
Fr. I thinke ſhe meanes to make him marry her
Perforce; I ſhall have my part o' th' Maske here.
Hub. Pray Lady, take patience along with you;
I am fairely yours.
Fr. You had (on my knowledge)
But need to ſay ſo, if ſhe be in earneſt.
Mar. Then leade me to ſome honeſt place, where I may
Unſpurre, untucke my Gowne, waſh, and ſo forth — —
Hub. Moſt willingly, my faire *Marſiſa*, thou ſha't
Have a looking-glaſſe too; I ever tooke
A ſtrange liking to thee, ſince firſt I ſaw
Thee fight i' th' battle like a Lyoneſſe.
Y' are Coſſen-german to th' Lady *Fatyma*?
Mar. Her ſelfe dare not deny it, ſir.
Hub. I doe not *Goes about her.*
Onely marke your ſweet face, but all things elſe
About you. Y' have a fine legge. The faſhion
Of this Gowne, likes me well too; I thinke you had
The patterne on't from us, as we from *Ireland*.
Mar. That I know not, but am ſure a handſome woman
Lookes as well in't, as in any dreſſe, or habit
Whatſoever.
Hub. So it ſeemes by thee, my
Beautifull Miſtris: For by that name, I muſt

Stile

Stile you henceforth. Come, let your loving ſquire
Conduct you. *Mar*, on before, I 'll follow. *Exeunt ambo.*

Lowd Muſicke. *Enter Reyner, Landgartha, Valdemar, Scania, Elſinora, Ingnar, and Fatyma. The Ladies attir'd like women onely.*

Rey. My Queene and I, *Valdemar*, are much bound
To thy free *Genius*, for this thy ſecond Maske
After our nuptials; She more: but moſt
Of all, thy owne Lady. For, it's for her ſake
Thou ſo affect'ſt both us.
Scan. I could not wiſh
To 'a' met a kinder man.
Land. His kindneſſe makes
You oft aſham'd, you ſay; nor wo'd I have
The King ſo over fond of me.
Vald. You ſtand
Confirm'd, Madame, in the pow'r your merits
Hold, to charme his faculties to your obeyſance.
Land. You deliver that, ſir, to picke a thanke from
My Siſter; at whom you point in that language.
Scan. I doe beleeve he does: which yet, muſt be
Conceiv'd onely to proceed, from his ill-plac'd
Affection; not my deſert to anſwer
His; much leſſe your perfections: being
But a poore Pigmie, compar'd to the greatneſſe
Of the worth in you.
Rey. This friendly Complement
We will paſſe over: and now *Valdemar*,
To apt our apprehenſions the more
To the true underſtanding of your Maske:
You may tell us ſomewhat of your ſcope in 't.
Heere they take their places, but the King and the Queene under a Canopie.
Vald. That is ſufficiently inform'd i' the thing
It ſelfe; though lame it be. The matter (being
All propheticall) I found in an old
Worme-eaten Booke, in the Lady *Elſinora's*
Library. And I ſho'd wrong your judgements;

And

And my owne labour, though of little value,
By ſtaling of it before hand.
Fr. It's a fine tale;
And cannot but pleaſe, unleſſe it meet ſuch minds,
As are not to be pleas'd.
Elſin. There is no Fuſtian,
Non ſenſe, Winde, or fopperie in't.
Rey. It matters not
What ſome odd envious foole ſayes; that grieves moſt
At th' goodneſſe of what he diſprayſes: and wo'd
Be glad 't were worſe. We deſpiſe affected ſtuffe;
Or aſtrayn'd kind of Eloquence; being the ſmoake
And fruits of a vaineglorious, and an empty braine,
No flattery dwels we know in this. Let it begin.

The Maske. *Firſt enter ſix Satyrs and dance a ſhort nimble antiske to no Muſicke, or at moſt to a ſingle Violine: at the end of which enter Phœbus with Bow and Arrowes.*

Phœb. Away unmanner'd deities, though hope
Rayſe you unto this mirth, for *Troy*: Your ſcope
In 't (form'd at the counſell of the higher gods)
Makes not the iſſue of their Periods,
So fortunate as you doe now ſuppoſe
(In your inferior knowledges) to diſpoſe
For *Hectors* ſafetie: whom *Aracides*
(Madded for his lov'd *Menetiades*)
Flyes to deſtroy. Nor can the *Fates* divert,
But that fierce horrid man, will ſoone convert
All unto ſad deſtruction; unleſſe
We the pryme gods and demi-gods ſuppreſſe
His force, not otherwiſe to be reſiſted.
Get you away from hence then: and inſtead
Of friskings, in theſe pleaſant vales of *Ida*,
Expoſe your aydes (to th' utmoſt can be try'd)
For *Pryam* and his iſſue, ne'r till now
In danger of an utter overthrow.

Pal. Fine youth, ne'r ſhorne. Thou brandiſher of darts, *Exeunt*
That with thy Bow ſlew'ſt *Python*, thy beſt parts *Satyri*, and
Thou now muſt urge againſt me 'n ſingle fight: *enter Pallas*
Till I have vanquiſh'd, or a ſhamefull flight *with Helmet,*
Compell'd to thy ſwift feet; nor ſhall thy deere *Shield and*
Beloved *Hector* ſcape my nobler Peere, *Lance.*
Divine *Achylles*; for his lov'd friend ſlaine,
Chiefly by thee.

Phœb. O let me not in vaine
(Moſt chaſt and warlike Mayde) implore thee now
For *Hectors* reſcue that ſo manie a vow
Payde me i' th' thighes of ſacrifized Beeves,
And not to me alone: For, my ſoule grieves
To thinke of his loſſe. Nor do's it fit thee
(As wholy bent upon impietie)
To mixe unguilty with the guiltie bloud.
Let it ſuffice, a vertuous Queene withſtood
(*Pentheſilea* moſt renown'd) to her
Lives loſſe, the Champion thou doſt moſt preferre,
With many other worthies: many more
Of *Pryams* faire ſonnes, ſlaine by him before.
Which now let ſatisfie thy wrath, decline
Thy further vengeance on the juſt, and thine
Owne feaſt Companion, me: For, the bleſt gods
Ought not to be (among themſelves) at oddes. *Exit.*

Pal. He's gone: but by his pow'r ſhall no way thwart,
The *Fates* pronounc'd harſh-doome, ſhot at the heart
Of his devouteſt, and brave friend. Here comes *Enter Achylles.*
Peleïdes to ſtrike the blow, that ſummes
His happineſſe, to obey my ſterne Commands;
And can doe more then all the *Grecian* bands.

Enter Hector whom Achylles encounters in a dumbe ſhow by way of a Dance and (Pallas aſſiſting) kill es: then exeunt Pallas and Achylles. After which the Nymphs of Mount Ida ſing this following Song in foure or five parts, to a pleaſing Tune.

Song. *Though* Hector *now be dead, his name*
And memory shall last, while fame
Sounds her low'd Trumpet, lov'd, admir'd;
By his example shall be fir'd
To acts heroicke, future ages:
And Prophets (sacred in their rages)
Shall by his vertues be install'd;
And he by all a worthy call'd.

Hectors *body is taken away about the middle of the Song: after the end of it, Enter Phœbus and Pryam.*

Phœb. Much honour'd and deere old man, did'st not heare,
How the *Idalian* deities forbeare
Not (sacred loving *Nymphs*; and griev'd like thee)
To chant a mirthfull pleasing melody?
Glad for the future glory of thy sonne,
Reason sho'd governe: and a faire fame wonne,
Is of mans humane life the chiefest part,
Chiefest in *Hector*, and shall not depart
From thy for-ever-most fam'd house: For, know
Th' gods on thy line (of *Dardanus*) will bestow
The largest Empyres; which to thee I'll now
Show for thy comfort: that thou sho'dst not bow
(Too much dejected in thy minde) to what
They in their Counsels doe predestinat.

Pry. Heavens brightest eye, I'll doe what lyes in me,
To obey thy will, and my fowre destinie.

Phœb. My tale in two parts, I doe thus impart:
A Prince from *Troy* hereafter shall depart,
When *Troy* takes end (as all dominion
Of mortals must:) whose chance will fetch him on
The *Lybian* shores, and upon *Latium* next.
Before which time and after, though oft vex'd
By the high-minded *Juno*, for her hates
Conceiv'd against the *Trojans*: Yet, the *Fates*
Have destin'd him that throne of *Latium*,

Marrying

Marrying the daughter of its King. From him
(The Royall ſeate firſt chang'd to *Alba*) ſhall
Deſcend two Princes, twins; for which, a fall
Their mother takes from *Mars*, a votreſſe ſhe,
Compell'd unto that ſtate. Impietie
In an ambitious kinſman, to be drown'd
Sends both the Infants: who (ſav'd by chance) are found
Of a ſhe-woolfe, and nouriſh'd with her Teats;
Till by a ſheepheard found, and by brave feats
Made know'n to be themſelves, they build a Towne
Which ſhall be call'd *Rome*; and ſhall weare the Crowne
Of the worlds Monarchy, hundreds of yeares.
This is the firſt part of my tale.

Pry. My feares
And ſorrow (which till now I did ſuppoſe
Could not be done) th' haſt heal'd. Diſcloſe
The other part (deare god) that's left untould.

Phœb. Which (in no obſcure termes) I doe unfould:
A Prince call'd *Brutus* (of the *Troian* race)
Third to the firſt ſpoke of, being in the chace
Of wild beaſts, by unlucky fate he kils
Sylvius his Father, with the ſhaft he drils
At other game: Which fact, ſo much doth bend
The *Latines* againſt *Brutus*, him they ſend
To ſad exile. Who (after a time) arrives
At a brave ſpatious Iland (that derives
Her name from white rocks, being a little world)
With other *Troians* before met, and hurl'd
Too on misfortunes. A towne call'd new *Troy*
He builds here th' Land cals *Brutaine*: doth enjoy
The whole as King; and his poſteritie
For many ages, ſhall raigne there, as he.
Sometimes (in pow'r and plentie) conquering
The neighbor Nations: ſometimes theſe (for nothing
But 's ſubject unto change on earth) afflict
Againe *Troy's Brutaines*, in their owne diſtrict.
Of which a certaine people, and call'd *Danes*
(*Cymbrians* by ſome) will prove their worſt of banes.

But ſhall be beaten backe, not without paine.
At length (in proceſſe of much time) ſhall raigne
In this faire Ile, a Prince (one way deſcended
Of *Troian* race: I' th' other ſide extended
Vp by the Royall bloud of *Danes*, unto
A warlike King call'd *Reyner*, that ſhall wooe
And wed a Lady Amazonian,
Landgartha nam'd) which Prince ſhall be the man
(Having his ſubjects in their loves combyn'd;
Who ſhall to evils onely be confin'd
By their owne ſad diſcentions, being of all
Earths men, the propereſt and moſt martiall)
To exalt thy bloud. He ſhall (by 's right) enjoy
The Land of *Danes*; and in this place where *Troy*
Now ſtands, ſhall Conquer, and build it againe.
Will alſo Conquer *Greece*, and there reſtrayne
Th' impieties of wicked men. Thus, *Fate*
I have layd ope' to thee, to conſolate
Thy ſelfe and ſad Queene; Now I muſt away:
For, from the gods I 've made too long a ſtay. *Exeunt ambo.*

Vald. Your Majeſties have now ſeene all; even as
I found recorded in the foreſayd Booke:
How true heaven onely knowes. Yet, all may prove true
(Being not impoſſible) if men be wiſe.

Rey. And not deſtroy themſelves, as it's there ſpoke.
Our part on't has hit right; and ſo may that.
And now (*Valdamar*) to requite thy love, *Alluiſe.*
My Queene and I will make your Maske compleate,
By being your dancers. *Enter Hub. & Marſ. without her*
Hub. I muſt firſt beg your *ſword, & her Gowne untuck'd.*
Pardon, to leade the meaſure, ſir, for I have
Brought a fine friendly dancer with me; and
We will ſo foot it ——— ——— ———.

Rey. Hubba, thou alwayes comm'ſt in pudding time.

Land. Let's ſtand; I long to ſee *Marſiſa* dance. *Here Hubba and Marſiſa Dance the whip of Dounboyne merrily.*

Rey. This was excellent. We ſhall but ſhame our ſelves,
In following of you; Come let us begin.

Here

Here they dance the grand Dance in foure Couple, Reyner and Landgartha, Valdemar and Scania, Fredericke and Elsinora, Ingnar and Fatyma.

Rey. So Cousin, we have made you some amends,
For your part of the Maske: and now you shall
(Being so kinde a husband) conduct your Lady
Unto her Chamber; and there use her kindly
Too as she deserves. Our Aunt and Cousin may
(After all this noyse) also retyre; and say
(In solitude and silence) th' many prayers
They have omitted all the day. As for
The Queenes grace: she must give me leave,
To usher her to bed.

Land. Must. That, in such
A servant, were too peremptory. But
If you plead your title King; I'll answer
That I know how to fight: and have ere now
Stoop'd a too hasty Prince. Therefore, good sir,
You are best speake me faire; or I may put you
Beside your sweet hopes;
And give you somewhat of the sowre to taste.

Rey. That, and to kill me, were all one: For which,
I now (and ever will) humbly intreat,
As a poore suppliant with you to treat. *Exeunt omnes.*

The fourth Act.

Enter Reyner musing at one doore, and Hubba to him at the other.

Rey. Is *Ingnar* yet return'd from th' Fleet?

Hub. Not yet sir.

Rey. Let him be quickly sent for then: be gone. *Exit Hubba.*
A poore gentlewoman, an ordinary

Noble mans daughter, to have catch'd me thus;
Whom *Ceſar* would rejoyce, to have made his ſonne,
Some horrid plague confound her modeſty,
And her for me, for now I care not for her;
Though I diſſemble it: becauſe I dare not
(She is ſo damn'd valiant) doe otherwiſe
Till I have got from hence: For ſhe (being
So belov'd too of the *Norwegians*) might
Cut ſhort my life and paſſage. But yet, *Reyner*,
Thinke how exceeding worthy ſhe is of love;
And of a Prince: thinke of her vertue, doe:
Thinke of her beautie, myldneſſe, vallor, and
What elſe: no, no, I will not; will not love her:
For I have tooke enough of what I moſt lov'd;
Which, I confeſſe could not but pleaſe my Palat *Enter Vald.*
But here comes *Valdemar*, who like an Aſſe
Still dotes on his wife, I 'll not therefore truſt him.

Vald. Your reſolution to be gone for *Denmarke*,
Men doe admire; and I muſt tell you, ſir,
(Seeing you will needs be conſtant, in ſo bad
A purpoſe) ſome doe feare your projects are
Ignoble. I then (as one that lov'd you once;
And will doe ſtill, unleſſe you forfeyte your ſelfe)
Wo'd be your adviſer, if you dare take advice.

Rey. Y' are too ſawcie; and what I have reſolv'd on,
I will not alter. Muſt we be curb'd by you,
In tendering the welfare of our ſubjects?
Shall *Denmarke* be ſtill forgotten?

Vald. That colour
Dyes but very poorely; though you ſtalke with it.
The fall of your obſtreperous paſſion, to
Your Queene (ſir) people take notice of: though ſhe,
Poore Lady, (a ſhame'd to be deceiv'd or ſcorn'd)
Say nothing of it; reſtrayn'd too, by her love
To you. But, we that are your Countriemen
(Whom you mainely diſhonour in't) can have
No ſuch patience.

Rey. Our affection to our

Lov'd

Lov'd faire Conſort (though you be pleas'd to doubt it)
Will not be queſtion'd, but by your ſlanderous tongue.
Vald. You cannot, ſir. Nay ſhall not, maske your blacke
Intentions ſo from me; they doe appeare
Too many. And ſhe whom you moſt wrong, is more
Then worthy of you; had you but the wiſedome
And grace to thinke ſo ſtill. But be aſſur'd
(When ſhe is rid o' th' burthen ſhe now carries)
She 'll be reveng'd at full for her diſhonour;
And ſnatch the Crownes you weare from of your trech'rous
Temples.
Rey. You will not play the Traytor, in
Conſpiring with her?
Vald. Though I ſho'd not, ſir,
You need not doubt but *Harrold* will; who thinkes
His right to *Denmarke*, as good as yours to *Norway*.
Rey. That Chriſtian dog-ſhead and yours too, had beene
chopt off ere this, had I not beene a foole.
Vald. If you durſt (you make me now beleeve) that had
Beene ſo. But I 'll make ſhift to ſave one of 's; *Enter Ing.*
And thinke you 'll hardly ſave your ſelfe from t' other. *& Hubba.*
Rey. You may doe what you lift; and ſo will I.
Are all the Shipping ready?
Ing. They are ſir, but ———
Rey. Come, ſpare your breath; I know what you wo'd ſay.
Hub. Wo'd all the Cables and Sayles were burnt:
You brought us hither with the hazard of our lives,
To gaine this kingdome for you; and now you have it,
You 'll wiſely gi' 't away; and fetch 'em all
Upon our backes.
Rey. Who made you a Counſeller?
There 's your reward. *ſtrikes him.*
Hub. I ſhall take more then this
Ere long if I ſticke to you.
Vald. You doe well
To practiſe before hand.
Rey. Traytor, doe you upbrayd us? *Offers to draw, ſo does Vald. &*
Ing. I beſeech you ſir, to ſuppreſſe your paſſion; *Ing. Sepi in.*

And

And not to rayſe a tumult here: knowing
How truely-loyall the Prince *Valdemar*,
Has ever beene to you, ſir, and now pleads
Strongly againſt himſelfe; in ſeeking to
Detaine you, with your gracious noble Queene.
Vald. He accounts his friends, his neereſt enemies.
Rey. We take heaven to witneſſe, we are wrong'd. *Enter Land. with Childe and Scania not ſo.*
But peace; here ſhe comes.
Land. Will you needs be gone, ſir,
And leave me thus?
Rey. It is but two houres ſayling,
In a faire day; and we ſhall ſoone be backe.
Land. I doe not uſe to weepe: But now I muſt; *Weeps.*
My heavy minde fore-ſpeakes ſome future evill.
Death (which ſhall be welcome) I know's not farre from me.
Rey. May the gods grant to haſten it. *Aſide.*
Scan. The time was
When ſhee, ſir, could with a nod 'a' forc'd your fancie,
In a farre greater matter, then your ſtay
For ſome ſmall time.
Rey. And ſhall againe ſweet Siſter,
But the meere neceſſitie of our departure,
Is ſuch: that we muſt needs away, at this
Very inſtant.
Land. Then give me leave (deare ſir,)
To ſhare the worſt may happen in your voyage.
Rey. So to indanger your life, we'd looſe ours firſt.
You ſhall by no meanes ſtirre, my only ſoule, Come:
We will conduct you to your Chamber, and there
Leave you (with your friends and mine) to be guided
By your accuſtomed vertue, and ſtrong heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cowſell and Radger.

Cow. O brother, brother, I know the very griefe on't
Will kill me out right, as dead as a Herring.
Rad. O deare, loving brother, I ſhall fare no better,
I'm ſure o' that; wo's I had never ſeene you.

Cow.

Cow. Besides brother, I tooke such an affection
To the women, fine, courteous, honest cre'tures.
Rad. And we to you brother, and to all the *Danes*:
You came not to pray on's, but to deliver
Us from the *Swedes*.
Cow. We ought to love each other,
Brother, being so neere neighbors, and friends.
Rad. So we doe, deare brother, all those are good and honest.
Who wo'd ' a' thought his grace sho'd leave the Queene
So abruptly, i' the latter end of her time too?
Cow. Hard against our wils: but sayes, he 'll soone be backe.
Rad. I' th' meane time brother, and before we part,
We are best take t'other cup.
Cow. I thought to ' a'
Made that now my motion brother, we shall
Remember you in *Denmarke*.
Rad. And when we
Forget you brother, may the gods forget us.
Ho! drawer, *Rolfo*,
Within, Anon anon sir. *Enter Rolfo.*
Rad. Honest *Rolfo*, one flaggon more of that
You gave us last, the very same I charge thee,
Without tricks or mixture.
Rol. By *Love* sir, you shall:
What? Doe you thinke I 'll use you like a stranger?
Cow. Prithee kinde *Rolfo*, let not us be fore'd
To knocke agen. *Exit Rolfo.*
Rad. Captaine *Hubba* (as I
Conceive brother) goes not along with you;
I met him spurring to our house, as I came.
Cow. The Princesse *Scania*, by much intreatie
Got leave of the Lord *Inguar*, his Coronell,
To stay onely two dayes; and he is gone
A visit, to his Mistris. *Enter Rolfo.*
Rad. Welcome *Rolfo*.
Come, give it me: for we shall need no glasses. *They drinke at the Lines.*
Here worthy brother, halfe to your good journey
Cow. Let me see brother, * you have drunke the full halfe——

* *Peeps into the pot.*

Here *Rolfo*, fill 't agen. *Exit Rolfo.*
Rad. O ſweet brother, that you co'd ſtay all night,
I ſho'd never be weary of your company. *Enter Rolfo.*
Cow. Nor I of yours brother, and now from the deepe
Bottome of my heart to th' wide mouth of my ſtomacke
I ſpeake it, deareſt brother, here's a whole one,
To our next merry meeting ——— —
Rad. Quickely *Rolfo*, *Exit Rolfo.*
Fetch it, and be honeſt. O ſweet brother,
That I co'd imbrace you thus for ever, ever. *They imbrace.*
Cow. I muſt kiſſe at parting. *They kiſſe.*
Rolf. Y' are a couple of th' arranteſt kind gentlemen. *Ent. Rolf.*
Rad. Give me the pot: I ne'r drunke i' my life
With more ſorrow, and a better deſire. —— ——
Cow. Here, take Money *Rolfo*, my brother payd laſt,
I muſt kiſſe thee too *Rolfo*,
Within, Rolfo. Rogue.
Rolfo. Anon, anon, ſir. *As they kiſſe.*
Rad. Nay *Rolfo*, for all
Your haſte: I muſt (for my brothers ſake) take
Off that kiſſe, from thy now ſweet (though greaſie) lips. *They kiſſe*
Cow. And now farewell, but not for ever, my deareſt
And beſt of friends. *Rad.* we 'll part at t'other Taverne.
Cow. Then arme in arme let 's march, moſt worthy brother. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hubba and Marſida.

Hub. I could not otherwiſe chuſe, Miſtris (though
Your diſtruſt of my unfayn'd affection,
Kept me thus long from injoying, what I
Moſt deſir'd in a noble way) but come
(Vrg'd by that love, that ever ſhall remaine
With me, whereſoe'r I goe) to tender
The duty of a ſervant, in taking leave
Of you, before my ſuddaine departure.
Mar. It 's indeed too ſuddaine: and I doe now
Repent the not imbracing, what I was not
Enough good to accept, your love. For, I confeſſe

Though

Though ſomewhat late, I lov'd you more then you
Did me; and ever ſhall unleſſe the fault
Be onely yours, in proving (which I doe
Not yet ſuſpect) a changling. I ſhall for
My part, puniſh ſeverely in my ſelfe,
Th' offence of not being yours, by a continu'd
Sadneſſe and griefe, till once agen I ſee you.

Hub. And though I have beene too much noted for
My mirth (which yet, was never ſawc'd with ſpite,
Or other bad condition:) I promiſe
(For my misfortune in thus miſſing of you)
Not to laugh once (unleſſe againſt my will,
At ſome unlucky chance) till I poſſeſſe
The treaſure I moſt covet.

Mar. That (if you
Meane me) ſhall be yours when we meete next, and
Safely kept for you, untill then. I' th' meane time,
I ſhall charily preſerve (though but a poore
Satisfaction for you) your image in
Th' interior of my minde.

Hub. Which overpay's,
With much advantage, all my ſervices.

Mar. 't was a ſtrange reſolution of the King,
To leave his Queene, ſhe being ſo much againſt it;
And he ſo ſtrangely fond of her at firſt:
Which ſhe deſerv'd, being a Lady the world
Cannot match.

Hub. He is theſe thirtie houres in *Denmarke*:
Where if he prove unkinde to her, that cannot
(In true judgement) condemne others, that like not
Such proceeding.

Mar. He had neede be circumſpect
In what he do's; or he may ſoone repent it,
And perchance,
When matters prove paſt remedy to him,
Yet, while I find you ſound: no alien faults
Shall make me hate, what once I ſo affected.

Hub. Reſting on that aſſurance, I muſt now

Crave the kind favour of a parting kiſſe.
Mar. That you ſhall have * and halfe a dozen more, *they kiſſe
When you come to your Ship: For, ſo farre I
Will with you; and wo'd along to *Denmarke*, but to try
If I may build upon your conſtancie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Harold and Eric.

Har. It 's now but need, we both looke to our ſelves:
Or we may pay the forfeyt of our ſlackenſſe
(With the loſſe of both our heads) upon a Scaffold.
For, *Reyner* having caſt the faire *Landgartha*
Off, (of whom he was not worthy:) and by
A dreadfull precipice, fall'n from much goodneſſe:
He will not ſtop at his firſt fault. But (hurri'd
By the guiltineſſe of his Conſcience)
Runne headlong downe the hill, upon the rocke
Of dangerous miſchiefe; to which he 's now ingag'd.
Eric. She is a Lady of ſo ſtout a heart,
That when ſhe finds him baſe (although ſhe lov'd him
Exceedingly) ſhee cannot but be reveng'd
For her repudiation, and diſgrace.
Har. And may prove our ſtrong friend to ruine him;
That has threatned (and that not privatly)
To rid himſelfe on us.
Eric. And will, if he can:
You may by his death then, that wo'd be yours,
Settle your ſelfe ſecurely in his kingdomes,
By matching and partaking now with her.
Har. Brother, the man whoſe deitie we adore
(And who to give us reſt, ſtill liv'd without it)
Can witneſſe for me, could I but perſwade
My minde by any probabilitie,
'twere poſſible, for me to live in peace here,
And not have my throat cut: although my right
Unto the Crowne of *Denmarke* be apparant,
My title while I ſlept or wak'd, ſho'd ſleepe;
As when King *Reyner* liv'd a vertuous kind man.

For I delight not in th' expence of bloud;
Though I feare not to ſpend my owne in a
Iuſt cauſe. But ſeeing all reſt is deni'd me:
As the ſtrong law of nature binds, I muſt
Shift for my ſelfe, the beſt I may. Which ſhall not
Be effected by baſe trechery, or murder.
Nor doe I chiefly yet meane to rely
On th' brave *Landgartha's* aſſiſtance; whom the
Love of a wife, and hope of reconcilement,
May urge beyond all ſpirit of revenge.

Eric. What is 't you meane to plot then for our ſafetie?

Har. We 'll to the pious Chriſtian Emperor,
Lewis the *Debonaire*; who (as you know)
Do's oft ſolicite me to plead my right
To th' Crowne, by dent of ſword; that being the beſt
(Nay onely) Patent, *Reyner* has to ſhow for 't.
Though he from 's father got it: which doth leſſen
Much his guilt.

Eric. It 's not his guilt that now moſt troubles him;
But by more ſinne to guard it.

Har. Twelve thouſand
Expert Souldiers (that lye neere here, o' th' borders
Of *Germany*) I may have when I liſt;
To adde (with all ſpeed) to our owne ſure friends,
And unto others that will fall in troopes,
From now diſhonour'd *Reyner*, for his baſe
Adultery intended with *Vraca*,
To ſtrengthen himſelfe againſt his wife and me.

Eric. Vnheard of madneſſe, ſo vilely to betray
(And to 's owne ruine) a poore and vertuous Lady;
That but for him, and his damn'd ſhameleſſe lyes,
Had never marry'd any. Being withall
(As 't is reported) moſt extreamely faire,
Farre, farre beyond the other.

Har. Such are the follies
Of humane nature, when it is forſaken
Of him that made it: But we 'll now make uſe on 't.

Eric. You ſho'd be ſuddaine, leaſt we be layd hold on;

And to take him unprepar'd.
Har. When night aſcends
Her ſable charyot, we will both of us
(Mounted on our beſt horſes) poſt away;
And be (I hope) ere we be miſs'd, paſs'd danger.
Come, let us therefore in, and looſe no time:
Which, in neceſſitie 's a fatall crime. *Exeunt.*

The fift Act.

Enter Valdemar and Ingvar.

Vald. You are happy beyond expectation
In your Embaſſage: for all men did conceive
(And very probably) the Queene would ayde
With th' utmoſt of her pow'r, *Harrold* in his
Deſigne for *Denmarke*. But, ſhe noble Lady,
(Although in outward ſhow, ſhe have not granted
What you demand) I know (ſuch is her vertue
And loving nature) is comming in her minde,
Now to aſſiſt your moſt ungracious King.
Ing. For which in chiefe he is to you beholding;
Though he deſerv'd it not, at his departure.
But now, Contrition has wipt off his guilt,
Though not the puniſhment, before the gods.
Nor is there any hope left us on earth,
But what we now may gaine here by your meanes.
Vald. Had you but beene a witneſſe of her griefes,
(Able to rive a heart of ſteele) you had
Melted (as we almoſt did) into teares:
Eſpecially when ſhe heard of th' infamous
Marryage, with *Swealands* daughter (told her by
A whiſpering flatterer:) how then ſhe tore
Her golden hayre, and us'd ſuch cruelty
On her faire limmes, which had wellneere ended her
(Notwithſtanding what we could doe to hinder 't;)

Curſing

Curſing the time when ſhe'r ſaw a *Dane*;
Not for her husbands renogading moſt:
But the loſſe of her virginitie, and foule
Diſgrace.
Ing. We heard of all: Yet, were compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſitie (perforce) to build
On her heroicke goodneſſe, and your worth.
Vald. 't was well conceiv'd; and better put to tryall,
That compulſion may worke peace agen.
Ing. Here the divine Lady comes (her ſelfe) unto us. *Enter*
Land. Although (Lord *Ingvar*,) your ſoveraigne, and my *Landgartha,*
Unkind husband, were rather to expect *Scania,*
Sharpe warre and hate then any ayde from me *Elſino-*
In his diſtreſſe: having (as farre as 't lay *ra, Faryna, & Marſi-*
In him) diſgrac'd me by his flight; and as *a in womans apparell*
I 'd us'd falſe play with others: yet, my love *with Swords on.*
To him (deepely engraven in my heart.)
Ioyn'd to my owne innocence and merit, has
(As all may ſee) got the upper-hand; and ſtopt
My once intended courſe of ſtrict revenge;
Though he enjoy another wife, now the Miſtris
Of what is mine by bond.
Ing. Moſt gracious Queene,
I can ſay nothing, to excuſe his guilt;
Or leſſen it: but that your vertue ſhines
The brighter for his deepe ingratitude,
Which now 's the greateſt Corroſive to himſelfe,
And cauſe of all his evils, by the loſſe
Of in a manner all was his before:
And that his act, has render'd both of you
Famous to all the world, in different manners:
You as the glorious mirrour of all worth,
But him (with griefe I ſpeake it) for 's offence.
Scan. Which now (deare Madame) as it is repented,
Exacts your mercy more then puniſhment.
Elſin. To prove a laſting Pyramid to all
Succeeding times, of ſuch a noble act.
Vald. It can yeeld you no benefit to ruine

Him and his poore ſubjects, being alſo yours;
And in their loves, they 're yours.
Fat. Much more then his
I doe beleeve.
Ing. Madame, I can depoſe it. *To Fatyma.*
And that they 've ever deem'd it their chiefe glory,
To have had her for their Queene; their hearts he loſt,
When he loſt her: nor is there ought can rayſe
The minds o' th' few, that now ſticke to him, but her
Strong aſſiſtance, and the try'd vallor of the
Norwegian Ladies, that before
Gave us the victory againſt the *Swedes*.
Land. King *Reyner* and your ſelfe (Lord *Inguar*) have
Too many friends here, to be deni'd in what
Our pow'r may ſtead him, or you demand.
And I 'm the more indue'd to pardon his fault,
That I acknowledge my ſelfe faultie too
(And which my heart has oft accus'd me for,
With no ſmall griefe) in granting that to him
Vnder the flattering title of marryage, which I
Reſolv'd ne'r to 'a' loſt; and which he durſt not
Seeke to have forc'd from me. But it 's now paſt helpe.
Scan. There 's one way yet left (Madame) to helpe all.
Land. He then tranſported, by his fierce deſire,
Which flav'd him: by craft (I 'll give it no worſe
A name) did that wrong to my modeſtie,
Which I (being not ſo deepe in paſſion)
Might well have hinder'd; and by yeelding to it,
Have given ſcope for others to condemne me.
Ing. Which none can juſtly doe: For, I 'm aſſur'd,
Madame (though you have cauſe not to beleeve it)
That his intents to your grace, were ſincere
At firſt, as now they are: and therefore (deare Queene,)
You are to meete his paſt ill, with your goodneſſe.
Which, if you doe not ſpeedily: there will be
No time, nor meanes hereafter, left for you
To exerciſe your vallor in this cauſe.
Land. When we behold our neighbors houſe on fire,

The Proverbe ſayes we ought looke to our owne:
This you conceive; and I ſuppoſe you are
Inform'd by theſe that love you, that we have
As many valiant men and women, in
A readineſſe, as may, if heaven be pleas'd
(For we are pleas'd in 't) reinthrone your King;
And chaſe thoſe rebels that now urge his flight.
Let then my brother (the Prince *Valdemar*)
And you, make all the haſte you can before us;
With newes of our approach. And, one thing more
I muſt intreat you doe for me: which is
To deliver this Letter, unto him that
Caus'd my ſorrow; and left me great with child.
Which fruit of his, he ſhall ſoone looke on, young
Frideſlaus.

Vald. He ſho'd 'a' ſtayd, to have got
Such another.

Scan. In honeſty, he could
Have done no leſſe.

Ing. Your graces Letter, I hope
Within theſe three houres, he ſhall reade at furtheſt.

Vald. You 'll give me leave to goe before, to provide
A lodging for you?

Scan. Yes: for I meane to be
Your bedfellow to morrow night.

Vald. And I ſhall ſtrayne my ſelfe, to bid you welcome.

Ing. The King will doe as much too, for your Highneſſe.

Land. Fy, not ſo ſoone man, that were a ſhame indeed,
People wo'd then ſay, that I went to aske it. *ſmilingly*
Nor does he neede me; having one (at leaſt)
Already to keepe him warme.

Ing. He thinkes of none,
But your Grace.

Vald. We muſt be now abrupt in our
Leave taking?

Land. Be gone *Scania*, fare you well. *Ingvar*, may all
The gods be your guides. *Exeunt ambo.*

Land. And now *Marſiſa*.

Silence declares with you, how gladly your heart
Consents, to goe for *Denmarke*.
Mar. I meane to doe
Your Majestie some service there, now that
You measure my affection by your owne.
Scan. But what, if you come to weare the Willow garland,
By the inconstancie of Captaine *Hubba*?
Mar. Not (doe as the Queene did) forgive the offence.
Fat. No lesse then 's life would satisfie your anger.
Mar. Doe you make doubt on't?
Elsin. I beleeve him honest.
Land. What is your owne opinion? *Marsisa*.
Mar. I still suppose the best.
Land. Then wayte upon
My cousin *Fatyma*: and both of you make haste
To summon with all speede (on paine of death)
All our troops (both men and women) in *Ansloy*,
Saltsburge, and thereabouts. Our Sister and Aunt
Shall to the neerer quarters; whilst I prepare
Here all things requisite for our departure.
And as we once made no small haste to meete
King *Reyner*, when he brought us ayde against
Our foes: let's doe the same in gratitude
(And with more honour) now, in assisting of him.
Those which we leave, will keepe safe here. Away.
Fat. The trust impos'd on us, we'll not betray. *Exeunt omnes severally.*

A march. *Then enter Harrold, Eric, and Lothaire armed.*

Har. We must make haste, Lord *Lothaire*, (now that by
The helpe of heaven, for which we chiefly move:
And the assistance which you Lord and ours,
The noble Emperor *Lewis*, true inheritor
Of his great fathers vertues did afford us,
We are ascended to what is our right,
Being thereto lifted by your manly worth too)
To make all sure, by joyning our last issue

With

With *Reyner*, ere the brave *Landgartha* come
(Whom he once more thinkes to deceive:) For, where
Shee leads, all goes to wracke i' th' other ſide.
Loth. It 's ſtrange ſo ſtout a minde as hers, ſho'd ever
Yeeld love or obedience to a man that has
So baſely dealt to her.
Eric. She ſquares all her
Actions by the rule of goodneſſe, not
Of paſſion; and thinkes this deede of hers,
A very gratefull offering to her gods.
Yet, we doe hope to ſend (before ſhe land here)
Her husbands rancke ſoule, to great *Belzebub*.
Har. Then let's march on with ſpeede; and truſt our cauſe
To him, that only gives life by his lawes. *Exeunt a march.*

After the march, Enter Reyner and Hubba.

Rey. Heare you no newes from *Inguar* (*Hubba*) yet?
Hub. Not a word: But a ſhip is now on entring
In at the haven; and we hope it 's his.
Rey. No, no. We are of all the world forſaken,
But moſt of heaven: For, we have deſerv'd it,
And our repentance now comes too too late.
Hub. I doe beſeech you ſir, not to yeeld to
Such weake, unmanly diffidence.
Rey. We wrong'd
Thee (*Hubba*) too; and now thy loyaltie
And kindneſſe wounds our ſoule deeper, then if thou hadſt
Prov'd falſe, all turnes to my confuſion.
Hub. It was your paſſion and not you, ſtrucke me, ſir.
Rey. Would I were quickly dead, or never borne,
To ſee the evils which I have occaſion'd,
And muſt needs feele, if I but live a while.
Hub. Your noble Queene *Landgartha*, will I doubt not
(If i' th' meane time ſir, you doe what lyes in you,
With patience) ſoone rid you of thoſe feares;
And State you as before; and in her love too.
Rey. I ne'r ſhall ſee that *Halcyon* day againe,

To ſee her, *Hubba*, though you all ſuppoſe
The contrary; and caus'd me ſend to move
Her goodneſſe. She is too magnanimous
Ever to looke at ſuch a wretch as I am,
That deceiv'd her once ſo foulely.
Hub. You 'll finde
Your ſelfe deceiv'd, I hope ſir, in that ere long.
Rey. Had I but faithfull prov'd to her, as ſhe
Deſerv'd (thou know'ſt it *Hubba*,) I might then
'a' playd at ſtoole-ball with young children; or
Have waſted time more idlely, if I 'd liſted;
And have my eſtate multiply'd to many
Kingdomes. Now, thou ſeeſt, we are not worth one
Province, Stricke me heaven. *Enter Valdemar and Inguar.*
Vald. Honeſt Captaine, I
Am glad to meete you alive.
Hub. Your Highneſſe poore ſervant.
Ing. The King walkes ſtrangely ſad.
Hub. He's not himſelfe: and therefore, whatſoever
Newes you bring; y' had neede uſe your accuſtomed
Diſcretion in the relating of it.
Rey. You are both as welcome hither, as my
Diſtraction will give me leave to bid you.
Vald. I never knew you (ſir) too much exalted
At flatt'ring Fortunes ſmiles, or when you Conquer'd:
And (now ſhe frownes) you ſtill ought to preſerve
A valiant indifferencie.
Rey. Healthy men
Know how t'afford good counſell unto others,
Whoſe forces being too weake, to beare the blowes
Of their diſeaſes, yeeld and languiſh under
The waight that 's inſupportable.
Ing. The weaker
Their minds are, the more they yeeld; beyond
Neceſſitie: and thereby become chiefe Actors
In their owne Tragedies.
Rey. I know you ſpeake this,
To prepare my minde, for the bad newes you bring.

Ing. Your vertue will now moſt conſiſt, in not
Being over joy'd, when you read this Letter,
Written and ſent by her, that ſayes ſhe loves you.
Rey. Let me ſee't. I know the hand, it's hers,
O let me, let me kiſſe it, kiſſe it ſtill, *Kiſſes the Letter.*
And not preſume to looke what it contaynes,
To plague my guiltie conſcience. *Vald.* reade and be rul'd.

Reyner opens and Reads.

If this my ſecond duty, may prove as happy in the recovery of thy kingdomes, as my firſt was againſt a Tyrant; yet honouring thee with the victory: I ſhall account my travell well beſtow'd. Make head bravely (as wiſedome permits) againſt the enemie: for I am comming with all ſpeed, to let him know, that Landgartha *(being thy Queene and only lawfull Wife) is a warrior, and will prove ſo to his prejudice, and thy advantage: having from her heart (notwithſtanding thy unkindneſſe) abſolv'd thee of all the wrongs thou did'ſt her.*

Landgartha.

Rey. A gracious language! O you gods defend me,
From turning altogether foole at this. For, my
Frayle veſſell is not able to contayne,
The forcible exceſſe of this ſweet comfort.
My ſoule reſults ſo ſtrangely, mounts, mounts up,
That I have much adoe, to keepe from dancing:
My nimble ſpirit elevats my body,
And my very life (I thinke) will now with joy
Forſake me, fly away.
Vald. Be not in extreames,
So like a meere franticke. Pray recall your wits,
Before ſhe comes, you may looſe all; your ſelfe, and us.
Rey. Excuſe me, worthy Couſin, you feele not
The force of my impulſion. Yet, I confeſſe
I'm (but as others are) a poore weake man;
Subject to many changes 'gainſt my will.
Ing. Collect your ſelfe, were't but in obedience *Enter Scout.*
To your wiſe and noble Queene. What newes with you?
Scout. That *Harrold* and his brother *Eric*, with
A mighty pow'r of *Danes* and *Germans*, march

Hither with ſpeed, doubteleſſe to force a battle.
Ing. Which we muſt decline, till our beſt ſouldier
Come: and then we are for 'em.
Vald. Lead us from hence,
To guard your works; and doe not now forget
(Your wiſh'd ayde being ſo neere you) your old vallor;
And judgement to command.
Reg. I hope we ſhall not. *Exeunt.*

A march. *Enter Harrold, Eric, Lothaire, and one or two more with Battle-axes.*

Har. Our foes have fortifi'd themſelves ſo ſtrongly,
With Waggons, Carts, huge tymber, and deepe trenches:
As 'tis impoſſible almoſt to force 'em.
Eric. Which if you doe not, you 'll finde it a worſe taske,
To quayle *Landgartha*; whoſe fleet's now at ſea;
Nay hard on landing.
Loth. Th' preſent attempt will not
Perchance, prove ſo dangerous, as to th' eye
It ſeemes; if we valiantly ingage
Our ſelves in th' onſet.
Har. Let us boldly on then;
And to conclude what hithetto, we have
So proſperouſly atchiev'd. I will beginne:
And die, rather then looſe what I have wonne. *Exeunt.*

Allarums, *A while after which is begun, enter Reyner and Valdemar with Battle-axes.*

Rey. All 's loſt beyond recovverie, they are broke
Vpon us in, and fight like hungry Lyons,
Tearing our men to peeces, that now leave;
In foule diſorder.
Vald. Doe you (whil'ſt I charge up,
To give ſome ſtop unto their furie) rally
And hearten yours, the beſt you may. For, if
We can hold out, but one full houre: the noble

Landgartha (that with ſpeed incredible,
Has almoſt landed all her forces) will be
With us, to mend all agen.
Rey. She ſhall never meet me flying. *Exeunt. allarums.*

Enter Landgartha, Scania, Elſinora, Fatyma, and Marſiſa; The foure Ladies, like Amazons. Marſiſa with her Gowne tuck'd to th' midleg, ſpurs, &c. As in the firſt of the third Act; Battle-axes withall.

Land. You heare this Muſicke, Ladies, and perceive
What need our friends have of our ſwift aſſiſtance.
We are not therefore now, to inſiſt upon *Here the Allarums*
A tedious conſultation; or on words *ſound as a farre off.*
By me deliver'd, to encourage thoſe
Whoſe worths I know already. Doe you Aunt
(Aſſiſted by *Fatyma* and *Marſiſa*)
Lead halfe our Armie: and wheele round about
(With ſpeed and ſilence) to charge ſtrongly home,
Upon our enemies backes. My ſiſter and I
Will to our Husbands, that are hardly preſt;
Their men all routed, and a number ſlaine.
Farewell, I hope that we ſhall meete againe. *Exeunt ſeverally allarums.*

Allarums. *Then enter Reyner at one doore, and Harold at the other.*

Rey. Stand Traytor!
Har. Thou uſurper, I will ſtand;
And could afford you other glorious titles:
But that I meane not (having met you) to
Waſte time in words, untill your fooliſh ſweet-heart
(Whom you wo'd ſtill deceive) come to your reſcue.
But now, I hope you never ſhall enjoy her,
You know how.
Rey. You ſhall know ſomewhat from me, howſoever.

Here

Here they fight, and Harrold beats Reyner under him; on which Landgartha enters, beats in Harrold and returns.

Land. Is it you? I were not beholding, to
Have done this for you now. Goe, look to your ſelfe & people. *Exit*
Land.
Rey. Deare heaven, where am I? or, is this a dream? *Reyner riſes*
It was *Landgartha* ſure. O no, it was not, *as ſhe beats*
That glory and great miracle of the world, *in Harrold.*
Could not afford ſuch grace to me, the meere
Fall'n dregs of villanie. But yet, 't was ſhe,
The figure of her heavenly face, was once
(And ſtill is) ſo imprinted in my ſoule,
As 't is impoſſible I ſho'd forget her,
Therefore you gods, heape all thoſe mountaynes on me,
Which the impious Gyants lifted againſt you,
Or ſincke me downe into the very Center,
That I may ne'r behold her any more,
That is ſo like you, both in ſhape and goodneſſe.
For, both I have contemn'd, and my moſt baſe
Ingratitude, never appear'd at full;
Till now. O *Iove*, pownd pownd me with thy thunder,
For, my confuſion is the worſt of torments. *Enter*
Scan. The King 's in danger; and we had need make haſte *Scania*
To diſingage him. *and Valdemar.*
Vald. That 's done (I hope) already.
Rey. Welcome deare Siſter, I am aſham'd to looke
You in the face.
Scan. We heard (ſir) you were in danger.
Rey. I was: But now may (when I liſt) goe take
A nap. Wo'd the infernall dogs would teare
My limbs to callops: or adde ſome worſe torment
Unto my minds affliction.
Scan. You neede not
Afflict your ſelfe ſo much, for ought we ſee:
For, now the wheele is turn'd to your advantage;
My Siſter is friends with you too, ſir.
Rey. She ſav'd

My

My life, when I was downe; and ready to
Receive the laſt (and mortall) blow. But then,
Gave me ſo ſad a looke, O loving Siſter,
That life which is her gift, if I muſt keepe
In her diſpleaſure, is much worſe then death.
Scan. Sir, if you will be rul'd by me, you muſt not
Expreſſe too much, thoſe vehement affections:
For, ſhe 's acquainted but too well already,
With your ſad paſſion, and the continuance of it.
Rey. Seeing you (deare Lady,) in love and wiſedome,
Eſteeme that my beſt courſe: I ſhall be dumbe
As night, calme as the calm'ſt evening after
A ſtormy day. *Scania*, let's follow, where ſhe went then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Harrold and Eric.

Har. After our loſſe and watching theſe two nights,
I cannot brother (the toyle of our journey,
Lying ſo heavy too, on my tyr'd body)
But ſleepe a little, though it be dangerous.
Eric. My neede 's no leſſe; a little ſleepe will ſerve.
Har. Let's take it here then, the place being ſolitary.

They ſleepe, and a ſweet ſolemne Muſicke of Recorders is heard, then enter an Angel.

Ang. Heaven has decreed, another day
Shall gaine what you have loſt. Your way
Take both (as you were forc'd before)
Unto the pious Emperor.
One of you ſhall be King: whoſe ſeed
Shall be ſo too, untill 't all bleed.
Then (when that iſſue is extinct)
Norway and *Denmarke's* whole precinct
Shall be rul'd by *Landgartha's* line,
And *Reyners*. Her the pow'rs divine
Will (for her Morall vertues) turne
A Chriſtian, ere ſhe come to th' Urne:

Yeeld faith to this: For, without doubt,
What I have ſayd ſhall come about. *Exit Ang. then Eric ſtirs and wakes Har.*
Eric. Sir, you ſleepe exceeding ſoundly: Pray wake.
Har. I now am freſh enough; Come, let's be gone.
Eric. Dream't you nothing, while you ſlept?
Har. No, did you?
Eric. Me thought I heard a moſt heavenly Muſicke;
And that an Angel did appeare: and wiſh'd us,
Betake our ſelves againe to th' Emperor,
That what we loſt, another day ſho'd purchaſe;
And that the faire *Landgartha* (as the reward
Of her Morall vertues) would be made Chriſtian,
Before ſhe di'd.
Har. Though we afford no credit
Vnto ſuch dreames: Yet, we muſt ſteere our courſe
That way; there being (after ſo great a loſſe)
No comfort left, where our foes are ſo ſtrong.
Eric. Heaven will in time (I hope) revenge our wrong. *Exeunt*

Enter Cowſell and Radgee.

Cow. Come brother *Radgee*, it is now concluded,
We ſhall never part agen.
Rad. O deare brother,
I never had a good day on't (much leſſe
A good night) ſince (being barr'd the comfort of your
Sweet converſation) you parted from me.
Cow. Nay brother, I can howle the ſame ſad Madrigall
Too: For looke you brother, we were all ſo frighted
By thoſe fat-foggy *Germans* (who men ſay
Are nothing but fleſh and belly:) that we durſt
Allow no time for mirth and drinking.
Rad. Very
Strange that brother. For, they ſay themſelves are
Exceeding good fellowes.
Cow. Iuſt of that ſeize.
Rad. I'll tell you more what I heard ſpoken of 'em,
Brother, they 're ſowre: and never worth the truſting,

Or honeſt i' their bargaines, untill they
Be drunke, or at leaſt halfe drunke.
Cow. That 's as true,
Brother, as that you and I drunke halfe a ſcore
Flaggons yeſternight a peece. The North winde
Is not ſo bitter in a morning, till he
Has tooke a buttrum, or his Wine.
Rad. And then,
Makes as good Muſicke, as a Bag-pipe when it's
Full blow'n. What doe you thinke of the *Swedes*? brother.
Cow. They are not (yet) altogether ſo good drinkers,
As th' *Germans* are: but well fall'n to 't of late.
Which makes me ſuppoſe, brother, they 'll be beaten
Out too. For beſides, the King will no more kiſſe
The Queene *Vraca*, as 't is ſpoken: But ſticke
To 's owne old Camrade, being indeed the fairer.
Rad. Yet, in my opinion brother: his Grace
Being marry'd to both, ſho'd doe exceeding well,
To keepe both ſtill: Sleepe betwixt both 'a' nights:
And imbrace both by turnes. What ſay you brother?
Cow. What? But to concurre with you? and for many
Good, and convincing reaſons. 's for example:
The King being kept ſo warme on both ſides, by
Two ſuch delicate cre'tures, 't were impoſſible
He ſho'd catch cold; I, or perchance be troubl'd
With Coughs, Scyaticas, or other bone-ach;
And to have *Swealand* and *Norway* at command,
Were a matter of no ſmall importance,
You conceive me, brother.
Cow. Few wiſe men better,
In part. But, ſtand aſide: themſelves are comming. *Floriſh.*

Enter Reyner, Landgartha, Valdemar, Vraca, Scania, Inguar, Elfinora Fatyma, Hubba and Marſiſa; the Norwegian Ladies in womans apparell, with Swords on; Marſiſa with her Gown untuck'd and ſword on.

Ing. You will not (gracious Madame) thus deceive

The expectations of your poore, and loving
People: whoſe whole hopes, comfort, ſafetie (nay all
We can for the preſent, or hereafter call ours)
Are but benefits deriv'd from the fountaine
Of your warme bountie; at whoſe goodneſſe yet,
We moſt rejoyce. Doe not then (deare Empreſſe,) ſtrike
Sorrow to our lately bleeding hearts; that ſtill
Pant (and not ſlowly) by our former feares;
And the ſore ſtripes we tooke: Which, but for you,
For ever were incurable; and now
By your forſaking of us, will feſter worſe
Then before.

Land. That you neede not feare, Lord *Inguar*.
For, I ſhall ne'r be wanting in my care,
And love unto this Nation. Leaving here
The beſt halfe of our Army, now behinde us;
To prevent all future miſchiefes.

Ing. Our diſhonour
In your departure, we ſhall ne'r recover.

Rey. My offence (which now 's my worſt affliction,
With what it does occaſion) all may ſee,
Tooke origen and iſſue, more of humane
Frayltie, and fooliſh pride: then want of love
To you; or of deſert in you, to merit
A better and more pow'rfull man then I am;
Th' worlds onely Monarch, if there were but one,
For which, I (without your mercie to reſtore me
Once more unto your heart, as to my kingdomes)
Muſt ſpend my dayes (which ſhall not then be many)
Like to a ſickely beaſt without a ſoule.

Land. My heart ſhall ſtill receive you: But, on my word,
Th' reſt of my body you ſhall not enjoy, ſir,
I now am gaunt you ſee,
All though you muſt not have a feeling of it;
And if I doe play falſe, my belly will ſhow 't
Queſtionleſſe: For, I am fruitfull if
I ſho'd be touch'd.

Vald. Although but weakely, Madame.

Land.

Land. It may be ſo.

Scan. The Kings grace now pleads mercie,
Love, and repentance: and ſeeing there's no feare
He ſho'd offend you any more, we all are
Sutors for him; and will become his ſureties.

Land. I love him ſtill I doe confeſſe: becauſe
I gave him that, no other ever had
(Or ſhall have) from me; and mercie I have ſhow'n
In my aſſiſtance. But, the wrong he did me
As I was his wife, being irreparable:
I will in Iuſtice puniſh, in not paying
To him (unfaithfull) the duties of a wife.
For, having often prov'd the way of falſhood,
He may walke in't agen; and as before,
Without all kinde of ſcruple or remorſe.

Sca. We'll all be bound, he ſhall no more leape o'r
The hedge: for, if he ſho'd: We that doe now goe
Ioyntly for him, wo'd then prove worſe then varlets,
To torment him.

Elſin. Come, leave your anger, and
Be rul'd by thoſe that love you.

Vrac. I ſhall yeeld
Up willingly my clayme to you, that beſt
Deſerve him.

Land. Your clayme is nothing: and your
Poſſeſſion is but meere intruſion
On what's anothers due, if ſhe were pleas'd
To challenge it; I'll ſay no more, becauſe you are
A woman.

Vrac. I thought what I did was well done;
And therefore in my minde at leaſt am free,
Being often told the lawfulneſſe, by all.

Land. By thoſe that meaſur'd the length of their concluſions,
By the crooked line of your affections.
But as I kill'd your father (that had rather
Then th' worth of your great dowry, have made me
His ſecond wife) I could with farre more eaſe
(As all the world can witneſſe) be reveng'd

On you, and this your kinde friend: but that I wav'd
Him for my husband, that despis'd me as
His honest Mate; and wo'd 'a' lov'd me for
By-blowes. Therefore, enjoy him still: for, I suppose
You are a Hen, that must be trod.

Vrac. That 's more then you know; or I hope shall finde.

Rey. She shall ne'r enjoy me; nor has not
Of a long time I 'll sweare, if that will serve.

Land. It shall not (sir) beleeve it. Yet, ne'r feare
You shall be arm'd i' th' front by me; which is
A wrong this other Lady cannot doe you,
If she wo'd.

Vrac. I 'll leave that now for you, that have
The abler bodie.

Land. And you the frayler minde.
But if you chop words with me thus, or insult:
I may (for a farwell) cracke your birds necke,
Before we part.

Vrac. I must not stand so neere
You then. *She steps behinde Reyner, and holds him betwixt (Largartha and her selfe.*

Rey. Nor I prove any safeguard for you. *Steps from betwixt them.*
But sho'd take part with her, whom I love best;
And has best right unto me.

Vrac. That you say
To flatter her, and for meere feare. But if
I had you in private, I know what you
Wo'd sing; and play too, if I sho'd but yeeld. *Land. runs at her, and Elsinora steps in.*

Elsin. What doe you meane?

Land. That I will ne'r have him,
That is resolv'd.

Elsin. Your resolution
(I must say) in that, is worse then madnesse.

Land. I 'll not quarrell with you, Aunt. Yet, doe admire
A Lady of your know'n modestie, should be
So farre mistaken, and in such a cause.

Elsin. It 's you that are mistaken: I confesse
I was at first an opposit in your love

Vnto

Vnto the King: but, seeing you would needs
Yeeld (then) your virgin Forte unto his Higneſſe:
I now wo'd have you take what wives doe uſe;
And let me ſtill live chaſte, that doe profeſſe it.
Scan. My Aunt ſayes more (to me I am ſure ſhe did:)
All ought to live according their vocation.
And not prepoſterouſly prove aliens to it.
Nor will it ſerve to ſay he tore the bond,
Now that he's ſorry for't: For, ſtill the generall good
Muſt be preferr'd to all particular
Merit; or that devotion that may
By fooliſh zeale, prove a too great offence.
Land. I muſt heare more opiniors, ere I part
From my ſtrong purpoſe: therefore ſir, adieu.
Be merciſull in chiefe, unto your ſubjects;
To allure their hearts, by love: that being the tye
That will hold ſtrongeſt; never can be broken,
Vnleſſe by fooles, or mad men. For, that partie
That ſho'd tend any miſchiefe, 'gainſt a good Prince:
Were firſt to kill all his ſubjects, being the Kings friends;
Or periſh himſelfe, by his fatall and bad
Purpoſe. Be juſt and vertuous, and you neede not
Feare poyſon, poynards, or conſpiracie.
To end: *Norway* ſhall be preſerv'd for your young ſonne;
And as for me (though yours:) I'll end my life,
An honeſt widdow, or forſaken wife. *Exit with Elſinora, Fatyma, & Marſſa*
Vald. I muſt take leave too.
Rey. Farewell, worthieſt Couſin.
Scan. You know the way to *Norway*, Sir, and if
I might advite ſo wiſe a King to follow
Us thither, and not ſlowly: that honourable
Obligation would ſo bind your Queene
(Being ſeconded by us your friends, and reaſon)
That I beleeve what now ſhe does denie,
She wo'd then grant; eſpecially, when ſhe
Perceives you conſtant in your vow'd affection:
For this perchance ſhe do's to tempt and try you.
Nay, I am ſure ſhe do's; and that ſhe will be

Yours againe, if you perſever in your love to her,
In the meane time, I ſhall not fayle to prove,
Your grace's faithfull, loving advocate.
Rey. In you the anchor of my truſt lyes only fix'd,
Deare ſiſter. I muſt follow your adviſe. *kiſſes her.*

Exit Scania & Valdemar.

Rad. O brother, brother: muſt we part at laſt? *They imbrace.*
Cow. No, no: get afore; I 'll ſteale along with you. *Exeunt*
Rey. Inguar, Did'ſt thinke our hopes ſho'd end in this? *Cow. &*
Ing. It may prove better; and I hope it will ſir. *Radgee.*
Rey. Accurſed *Fate* of man, of fooliſh man,
That cannot prize a Iewell while he has it,
Till it be loſt, and then his griefe is vaine,
Vaine and unprofitable, when no hope
Is left to finde it, which I feare's my caſe;
Our miſerie the mirror's made, by which
We onely ſee our faults, our dangerous wounds.
Which likely then can never be recur'd:
Being Gangreene filthy ſores, that doe Corrode
So farre into the very ſoule of man,
That they hale to ſad deſperation.
To which point I 'm almoſt arriv'd, the Gemme
I loſt, being ſo rich, as all earths Potentates
A richer could not boaſt. Which if I finde not
(Strucke with my dyre misfortune) my owne hand
Shall ſend my ſpirit to the *Stygian* ſtrand. *Exit with Ing. & Hub.*
Vrac. And ſeeing I 've walk'd aſtray, I will from hence:
By future good to expiate my offence. *Exit in the middle.*

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

Scania (that ſpoke the Prologue) now delivers the Epilogue, apparelled as in the laſt Scene, with her Sword and Belt in her hand.

THough our Author cares not, how his Play may take:
Yet, cauſe he purpoſes not to forſake
In his affection, any Worthy here;
He hath ſent me 'fore the Court breake up, to appeare
For him agen; to ſee how it hath pleas'd:
For, notwithſtanding he meanes to be eas'd;
For ever of th'like taske: Yet, from his heart
He wiſhes, you and he ſho'd fairely part.
And this he more (for him) deſir'd me ſay:
Where others ſpend a yeare about a Play
(Picking a ſentence here, a word from thence)
This Tragie-Comedy with the expence
Of leſſe then two Moneths time he pen'd: For he
's not too ambitious of the dignitie
Of a prime Poet; which he needs muſt know,
The Muſes chiefe (*Apollo*) doth beſtow
But very rarely. Himſelfe he knowes too
Better i'th' Art, then ſome that to be ſo
Thought worthy, maligne him. If this pleaſe you,
It's all he 'll aske of *Hellicon*: Adieu.

Some (but not of best judgements) were offended at the Conclusion of this Play, in regard Landgartha *tooke not then, what she was perswaded to by so many, the Kings kind night-imbraces. To which kind of people (that know not what they say) I answer (omitting all other reasons:) that a Tragie-Comedy she'd neither end Comically or Tragically, but betwixt both: which* Decorum *I did my best to observe, not to goe against Art, to please the over-amorous. To the rest of bablers, I despise any answer.*

This Play was first Acted on *S. Patricks* day,
1639. with the allowance of the
Master of Revels.